

THE
W O R K S
OF

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

VOL. XXXV.

ROMANCES VOL. XXVI.



ZWICKAU

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

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(18)



*The Heart of Mid Lothian. IV.
Jeannie Deans.*

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HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN,
A ROMANCE,

BY THE
AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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THE
HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

A ROMANCE.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF "MAYBELLE."

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

—————

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1825.


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CHAPTER XXXIV.

*And now, will pardon, comfort, kindness, draw  
The youth from vice? will honour, duty, law?*

CRABBE.

JEANIE arose from her seat, and made her quiet reverence, when the elder Mr Staunton entered the apartment. His astonishment was extreme at finding his son in such company.

“I perceive, madam, I have made a mistake respecting you, and ought to have left the task of interrogating you, and of righting your wrongs, to this young man, with whom, doubtless, you have been formerly acquainted.”

“It’s unwitting on my part that I am here,” said Jeanie; “the servant told me his master wished to speak with me.”

“There goes the purple coat over my ears,” murmured Tummas. “D—n her, why must she



needs speak the truth, when she could have as well said any thing else she had a mind?"

"George," said Mr Staunton, "if you are still — as you have ever been — lost to all self-respect, you might at least have spared your father, and your father's house, such a disgraceful scene as this."

"Upon my life — upon my soul, sir!" said George, throwing his feet over the side of the bed, and starting from his recumbent posture.

"Your life, sir!" interrupted his father, with melancholy sternness, — "What sort of life has it been? — Your soul! alas! what regard have you ever paid to it? Take care to reform both ere offering either as pledges of your sincerity."

"On my honour, sir, you do me wrong," answered George Staunton; "I have been all that you can call me that's bad, but in the present instance you do me injustice. By my honour, you do!"

"Your honour!" said his father, and turned from him, with a look of the most upbraiding contempt, to Jeanie. "From you, young woman, I neither ask nor expect any explanation; but, as a father alike and as a clergyman, I request your departure from this house. If your romantic story has been other than a pretext to find admission into it, (which, from the society in which you first appeared, I may be permitted to



doubt,) you will find a justice of peace within two miles, with whom, more properly than with me, you may lodge your complaint."

"This shall not be," said George Staunton, starting up to his feet. "Sir, you are naturally kind and humane — you shall not become cruel and inhospitable on my account — Turn out that eavesdropping rascal," pointing to Thomas, "and get what hartshorn drops, or what better receipt you have against fainting, and I will explain to you in two words the connection betwixt this young woman and me. She shall not lose her fair character through me — I have done too much mischief to her family already, and I know too well what belongs to the loss of fame."

"Leave the room, sir," said the Rector to the servant; and when the man had obeyed, he carefully shut the door behind him, and then addressing his son, he said sternly, "Now, sir, what new proof of your infamy have you to impart to me?"

Young Staunton was about to speak, but it was one of those moments when those, who, like Jeanie Deans, possess the advantage of a steady courage and unruffled temper, can assume the superiority over more ardent but less determined spirits.

"Sir," she said to the elder Staunton, "ye have an undoubted right to ask your ain son to



render a reason of his conduct. But respecting me, I am but a way-faring traveller, no ways obligated or indebted to you, unless it be for the meal of meat which, in my ain country, is willingly gien by rich or poor, according to their ability, to those who need it; and for which, forbye that, I am willing to make payment, if I didna think it would be an affront to offer siller in a house like this — only I dinna ken the fashions of the country.”

“This is all very well, young woman,” said the Rector, a good deal surprised, and unable to conjecture whether to impute Jeanie’s language to simplicity or impertinence — “this may be all very well — but let me bring it to a point. Why do you stop this young man’s mouth, and prevent his communicating to his father and his best friend, an explanation (since he says he has one) of circumstances which seem in themselves not a little suspicious?”

“He may tell of his ain affairs what he likes,” answered Jeanie; “but my family and friends have nae right to hae ony stories told anent them without their express desire; and, as they canna be here to speak for themselves, I entreat ye wadna ask Mr George Rob — I mean Staunton, or whatever his name is, ony questions anent me or my folk; for I maun be free to tell you, that he will neither have the bearing of a Christian or a



gentleman, if he answers you against my express desire."

"This is the most extraordinary thing I ever met with," said the Rector, as, after fixing his eyes keenly on the placid, yet modest countenance of Jeanie, he turned them suddenly upon his son. "What have you to say, sir?"

"That I feel I have been too hasty in my promise, sir," answered George Staunton; "I have no title to make any communications respecting the affairs of this young person's family without her assent."

The elder Mr Staunton turned his eyes from one to the other with marks of surprise.

"This is more, and worse, I fear," he said, addressing his son, "than one of your frequent and disgraceful connections — I insist upon knowing the mystery."

"I have already said, sir," replied his son, rather sullenly, "that I have no title to mention the affairs of this young woman's family without her consent."

"And I hae nae mysteries to explain, sir," said Jeanie, "but only to pray you, as a preacher of the gospel and a gentleman, to permit me to go safe to the next public-house on the Lunnon road."

"I shall take care of your safety," said young



Staunton; "you need ask that favour from no one."

"Do you say so before my face?" said the justly incensed father. "Perhaps, sir, you intend to fill up the cup of disobedience and profligacy by forming a low and disgraceful marriage? But let me bid you beware."

"If you were feared for sic a thing happening wi' me, sir," said Jeanie, "I can only say, that not for all the land that lies between the twa ends of the rainbow wad I be the woman that should wed your son."

"There is something very singular in all this," said the elder Staunton; "follow me into the next room, young woman."

"Hear me speak first," said the young man. "I have but one word to say. I confide entirely in your prudence; tell my father as much or as little of these matters as you will, he shall know neither more or less from me."

His father darted at him a glance of indignation, which softened into sorrow as he saw him sink down on the couch, exhausted with the scene he had undergone. He left the apartment, and Jeanie followed him, George Staunton raising himself as she passed the door-way, and pronouncing the word, "Remember!" in a tone as monitory as it was uttered by Charles I. upon



the scaffold. The elder Staunton led the way into a small parlour, and shut the door.

“Young woman,” said he, “there is something in your face and appearance that marks both sense and simplicity, and, if I am not deceived, innocence also — Should it be otherwise, I can only say, you are the most accomplished hypocrite I have ever seen. — I ask to know no secret that you have unwillingness to divulge, least of all those which concern my son. His conduct has given me too much unhappiness to permit me to hope comfort or satisfaction from him. If you are such as I suppose you, believe me, that whatever unhappy circumstances may have connected you with George Staunton, the sooner you break them through the better.”

“I think I understand your meaning, sir,” replied Jeanie; “and as ye are sae frank as to speak o’ the young gentleman in sic a way, I must needs say that it is but the second time of my speaking wi’ him in our lives, and what I hae heard frae him on these twa occasions has been such that I never wish to hear the like again.”

“Then it is your real intention to leave this part of the country, and proceed to London?” said the Rector.

“Certainly, sir; for I may say, in one sense, that the avenger of blood is behind me; and if



I were but assured against mischief by the way ——”

“I have made enquiry,” said the clergyman, „after the suspicious characters you described. They have left their place of rendezvous; but as they may be lurking in the neighbourhood, and as you say you have special reason to apprehend violence from them, I will put you under the charge of a steady person, who will protect you as far as Stamford, and see you into a light coach, which goes from thence to London.”

“A coach is not for the like of me, sir,” said Jeanie; to whom the idea of a stage-coach was unknown, as, indeed, they were then only used in the neighbourhood of London.

Mr Staunton briefly explained that she would find that mode of conveyance more commodious, cheaper, and more safe than travelling on horseback. She expressed her gratitude with so much singleness of heart, that he was induced to ask her whether she wanted the pecuniary means of prosecuting her journey. She thanked him, but said she had enough for her purpose, and, indeed, she had husbanded her stock with great care. This reply served also to remove some doubts, which naturally enough still floated in Mr Staunton’s mind, respecting her character and real purpose, and satisfied him, at least, that money did not enter into her scheme of deception, if



an impostor she should prove. He next requested to know what part of the city she wished to go to.

„To a very decent merchant, a cousin o' my ain, a Mrs Glass, sir, that sells snuff and tobacco, at the sign o' the Thistle, somegate in the town.”

Jeanie communicated this intelligence with a feeling that a connection so respectable ought to give her consequence in the eyes of Mr Staunton; and she was a good deal surprised when he answered.

„And is this woman your only acquaintance in London, my poor girl? and have you really no better knowledge where she is to be found?”

„I was gaun to see the Duke of Argyle, forbye Mrs Glass,” said Jeanie; „and if your honour thinks it would be best to go there first, and get some of his Grace's folks to show me my cousin's shop ——”

„Are you acquainted with any of the Duke of Argyle's people?” said the Rector.

„No, sir.”

„Her brain must be something touched after all, or it would be impossible for her to rely on such introductions. — Well,” said he aloud, „I must not enquire into the cause of your journey, and so I cannot be fit to give you advice how to manage it. But the landlady of the house



where the coach stops is a very decent person; and, as I use her house sometimes, I will give you a recommendation to her."

Jeanie thanked him for his kindness with her best courtesy, and said, „That with his honour's line, and ane from worthy Mrs Bickerton, that keeps the Seven Stars at York, she did not doubt to be well taken out in Lunnon."

„And now," said he, „I presume you will be desirous to set out immediately."

„If I had been in an inn, sir, or any suitable resting-place," answered Jeanie. „I wad not have presumed to use the Lord's day for travelling; but as I am on a journey of mercy, I trust my doing so will not be imputed."

„You may, if you chuse, remain with Mrs Dalton for the evening; but I desire you will have no further correspondence with my son, who is not a proper counsellor for a person of your age, whatever your difficulties may be."

„Your honour speaks ower truly in that," said Jeanie; „it was not with my will that I spoke wi' him just now, and — not to wish the gentleman ony thing but gude — I never wish to see him between the een again."

„If you please," added the Rector, „as you seem to be a seriously-disposed young woman, you may attend family worship in the hall this evening."



“I thank your honour,” said Jeanie; “but I am doubtful if my attendance would be to edification.”

“How!” said the Rector; “so young, and already unfortunate enough to have doubts upon the duties of religion!”

“God forbid, sir,” replied Jeanie; “it is not for that; but I have been bred in the faith of the suffering remnant of the presbyterian doctrine in Scotland, and I am doubtful if I can lawfully attend upon your fashion of worship, seeing it has been testified against by many precious souls of our kirk, and specially by my worthy father.”

“Well, my good girl,” said the Rector, with a good-humoured smile, “far be it from me to put any force upon your conscience; and yet you ought to recollect that the same divine grace dispenses its streams to other kingdoms as well as to Scotland. As it is as essential to our spiritual, as water to our earthly wants, its springs, various in character, yet alike efficacious in virtue, are to be found in abundance throughout the Christian world.”

“Ah, but,” said Jeanie, “though the waters may be alike, yet, with your worship’s leave, the blessing upon them may not be equal. It would have been in vain for Naaman the Syrian leper to have bathed in Pharphar and Abana,



rivers of Damascus, when it was only the waters of Jordan that were sanctified for the cure."

"Well," said the Rector, "we will not enter upon the great debate betwixt our national churches at present. We must endeavour to satisfy you, that, at least, amongst our errors, we preserve Christian charity, and a desire to assist our brethren."

He then ordered Mrs Dalton into his presence, and consigned Jeanie to her particular charge, with directions to be kind to her, and with assurances, that, early in the morning, a trusty guide and a good horse should be ready to conduct her to Stamford. He then took a serious and dignified, yet kind leave of her, wishing her full success in the objects of her journey, which he said he doubted not were laudable, from the soundness of thinking which she had displayed in conversation.

Jeanie was again conducted by the housekeeper to her own apartment. But the evening was not destined to pass over without further torment from young Staunton. A paper was slipped into her hand by the faithful Tummas, which intimated his young master's desire, or rather demand, to see her instantly, and assured her he had provided against interruption.

"Tell your young master," said Jeanie, openly, and regardless of all the winks and signs by which



Tummas strove to make her comprehend that Mrs Dalton was not to be admitted into the secret of the correspondence, "that I promised faithfully to his worthy father that I would not see him again."

"Tummas," said Mrs Dalton, "I think you might be much more creditably employed, considering the coat you wear, and the house you live in, than to be carrying messages between your young master and girls that chance to be in this house."

"Why, Mrs Dalton, as to that, I was hired to carry messages, and not to ask any questions about them; and it's not for the like of me to refuse the young gentleman's bidding, if he were a little wildish or so — If there was harm meant, there's no harm done, you see."

"However," said Mrs Dalton, "I gie you fair warning, Tummas Ditton, that an I catch thee at this work again, his Reverence shall make a clear house of you."

Thomas retired, abashed and in dismay. The rest of the evening passed away without any thing worthy of notice.

Jeanie enjoyed the comforts of a good bed and a sound sleep with grateful satisfaction, after the perils and hardships of the preceding day; and such was her fatigue, that she slept soundly until six o'clock, when she was awa-



kened by Mrs Dalton, who acquainted her that her guide and horse were ready, and in attendance. She hastily rose, and, after her morning devotions, was soon ready to resume her travels. The motherly care of the housekeeper had provided an early breakfast, and, after she had partaken of this refreshment, she found herself safe seated on a pillion behind a stout Lincolnshire peasant, who was, besides, armed with pistols, to protect her against any violence which might be offered.

They trudged along in silence for a mile or two along a country road, which conducted them, by hedge and gate-way, into the principal highway, a little beyond Grantham. At length her master of the horse asked her whether her name was not Jean, or Jane Deans. She answered in the affirmative, with some surprise. "Then here's a bit of a note as concerns you," said the man, handing it over his left shoulder. "It's from young master, as I judge, and every man about Willingham is fain to pleasure him either for love or fear; for he'll come to be landlord at last, let them say what they like."

Jeanie broke the seal of the note, which was addressed to her, and read as follows:

"You refuse to see me. I suppose you are shocked at my character: but, in painting myself such as I am, you should give me credit for my



sincerity. I am, at least, no hypocrite. You refuse, however, to see me, and your conduct may be natural — but is it wise? I have expressed my anxiety to repair your sister's misfortunes at the expence of my honour, — my family's honour — my own life; and you think me too debased to be admitted even to sacrifice what I have remaining of honour, fame, and life, in her cause. Well, if the offerer be despised, the victim is still equally at hand; and perhaps there may be justice in the decree of Heaven, that I shall not have the melancholy credit of appearing to make this sacrifice out of my own free good-will. You, as you have declined my concurrence, must take the whole upon yourself. Go, then, to the Duke of Argyle, and, when other arguments fail you, tell him you have it in your power to bring to condign punishment the most active conspirator in the Porteous mob. He will hear you on this topic, should he be deaf to every other. Make your own terms, for they will be at your own making. You know where I am to be found; and you may be assured I will not give you the dark side of the hill, as at Muschat's Cairn; I have no thoughts of stirring from the house I was born in; like the hare, I shall be worried in the seat I started from. I repeat it — make your own terms. I need not remind you to ask your sister's life, for that you will do of course;



but make terms of advantage for yourself — ask wealth and reward — office and income for Butler — ask any thing — you will get any thing — and all for delivering to the hands of the executioner a man most deserving of his office; — one who, though young in years, is old in wickedness, and whose most earnest desire is, after the storms of an unquiet life, to sleep and be at rest.”

This extraordinary letter was subscribed with the initials G. S.

Jeanie read it over once or twice with great attention, which the slow pace of the horse, as he stalked through a deep lane, enabled her to do with facility.

When she had perused this billet, her first employment was to tear it into as small pieces as possible, and disperse these pieces in the air by a few at a time, so that a document containing so perilous a secret might not fall into any other person's hand.

The question how far, in point of extremity, she was entitled to save her sister's life by sacrificing that of a person who, though guilty towards the state, had done her no injury, formed the next earnest and most painful subject of consideration. In one sense, indeed, it seemed as if denouncing



the guilt of Staunton, the cause of her sister's errors and misfortunes, would have been an act of just, and even providential retribution. But Jeanie, in the strict and severe tone of morality in which she was educated, had to consider not only the general aspect of a proposed action, but its justness and fitness in relation to the actor, before she could be, according to her own phrase, free to enter upon it. What right had she to make a barter between the lives of Staunton and of Effie, and to sacrifice the one for the safety of the other? His guilt — that guilt for which he was amenable to the laws — was a crime against the public indeed, but it was not against her.

Neither did it seem to her that his share in the death of Porteous, though her mind revolted at the idea of using violence to any one, was in the relation of a common murder, against the perpetrator of which every one is called to aid the public magistrate. That violent action was blended with many circumstances, which, in the eyes of those of Jeanie's rank in life, if they did not altogether deprive it of the character of guilt, softened, at least, its most atrocious features. The anxiety of the government to obtain conviction of some of the offenders, had but served to increase the public feeling which connected the action, though violent and irregular, with the



idea of ancient national independence. The rigorous measures adopted or proposed against the city of Edinburgh, the ancient metropolis of Scotland — the extremely unpopular and injudicious measure of compelling the clergy to promulgate from the pulpit the reward offered for the discovery of the perpetrators of this slaughter, had produced on the public mind the opposite consequences from what were intended; and Jeanie felt conscious, that whoever should lodge information concerning that event, and for whatsoever purpose it might be done, it would be considered as an act of treason against the independence of Scotland. With the fanaticism of the Scotch presbyterians, there was always mingled a glow of national feeling, and Jeanie trembled at the idea of her name being handed down to posterity with that of the “fause Monteth,” and one or two others, who, having deserted and betrayed the cause of their country, are damned to perpetual remembrance and execration among its peasantry. Yet, to part with Effie’s life once more, when a word spoken might save it, pressed severely on the mind of her affectionate sister.

“The Lord support and direct me,” said Jeanie, “for it seems to be his will to try me with difficulties far beyond my ain strength.”



While this thought passed through Jeanie's mind, her guard, tired of silence, began to show some inclination to be communicative. He seemed a sensible steady peasant, but not having more delicacy or prudence than is common to those in his situation, he, of course, chose the Willingham family as the subject of his conversation. From this man Jeanie learned some particulars of which she had hitherto been ignorant, and which we will briefly recapitulate for the information of the reader.

The father of George Staunton had been bred a soldier, and during service in the West Indies, had married the heiress of a wealthy planter. By this lady he had an only child, George Staunton, the unhappy young man who has been so often mentioned in this narrative. He passed the first part of his early youth under the charge of a doting mother, and in the society of negro slaves, whose study it was to gratify his every caprice. His father was a man of worth and of sense; but as he alone retained tolerable health among the officers of the regiment he belonged to, he was much engaged with his duty. Besides, Mrs Staunton was beautiful and wilful, and enjoyed but delicate health; so that it was difficult for a man of affection, humanity, and a quiet disposition, to struggle with her on the point of her over-



indulgence to an only child. Indeed, what Mr Staunton did do towards counteracting the baneful effects of his wife's system, only tended to render it more pernicious, for every restraint imposed on the boy in his father's presence was compensated by treble licence during his absence. So that George Staunton acquired, even in childhood, the habit of regarding his father as a rigid censor, from whose severity he was desirous of emancipating himself as soon and absolutely as possible.

When he was about ten years old, and when his mind had received all the seeds of those evil weeds which afterwards grew apace, his mother died, and his father, half heart-broken, returned to England. To sum up her imprudence and unjustifiable indulgence, she had contrived to place a considerable part of her fortune at her son's exclusive control or disposal, in consequence of which management, George Staunton had not been long in England till he learned his independence, and how to abuse it. His father had endeavoured to rectify the defects of his education by placing him in a well-regulated seminary. But although he showed some capacity for learning, his riotous conduct soon became intolerable to his teachers. He found means (too easily afforded to all youths who have certain expecta-



tions) of procuring such a command of money as enabled him to anticipate in boyhood the frolics and follies of a more mature age, and, with these accomplishments, he was returned on his father's hands as a profligate boy, whose example might ruin an hundred.

The elder Mr Staunton, whose mind, since his wife's death, had been tinged with a melancholy, which certainly his son's conduct did not tend to dispel, had taken orders, and was inducted by his brother Sir William Staunton into the family living of Willingham. The revenue was a matter of consequence to him, for he derived little advantage from the estate of his late wife; and his own fortune was that of a younger brother.

He took his son to reside with him at the rectory, but he soon found that his disorders rendered him an intolerable inmate. And as the young men of his own rank would not endure the purseproud insolence of the Creole, he fell into that taste for low society, which is worse than «pressing to death, whipping, or hanging.” His father sent him abroad, but he only returned wilder and more desperate than before. It is true, this unhappy youth was not without his good qualities. He had lively wit, good temper, reckless generosity, and manners which, while



he was under restraint, might pass well in society. But all these availed him nothing. He was so well acquainted with the turf, the gaming-table, the cock-pit, and every worse rendezvous of folly and dissipation, that his mother's fortune was spent before he was twenty-one, and he was soon in debt and in distress. His early history may be concluded in the words of our British Juvenal, when describing a similar character:

Headstrong, determined in his own career,  
He thought reproof unjust and truth severe,  
The soul's disease was to its crisis come,  
He first abused and then abjured his home;  
And when he chose a vagabond to be,  
He made his shame his glory, "I'll be free."

"And yet 'tis pity on Measter George, too," continued the honest boor, "for he has an open hand, and winna let a poor body want an' he has it."

The virtue of profuse generosity, by which, indeed, they themselves are most directly advantaged, is readily admitted by the vulgar as a cloak for many sins.

At Stamford our heroine was deposited in safety by her communicative guide. She obtained



a place in the coach, which, although termed a light one, and accommodated with no fewer than six horses, only reached London on the afternoon of the second day. The recommendation of the elder Mr Staunton procured Jeanie a civil reception at the inn where the carriage stopped, and, by the aid of Mrs Bickerton's correspondent, she found out her friend and relative Mrs Glass, by whom she was kindly received and hospitably entertained.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

*My name is Argyle, you may well think it
strange,*

To live at the court and never to change.

Ballad.

Few names deserve more honourable mention in the history of Scotland, during this period, than that of John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. His talents as a statesman and a soldier were generally admitted; he was not without ambition, but «without the illness that attends it» — without that irregularity of thought and aim, which often excites great men, in his peculiar situation, (for it was a very peculiar one,) to grasp the means of raising themselves to power, at the risk of throwing a kingdom into confusion. Pope has distinguished him as

Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field.

He was alike free from the ordinary vices of statesmen, falsehood, namely, and dissimulation, and from those of warriors, inordinate and violent thirst after self-aggrandizement.

Scotland, his native country, stood at this time in a very precarious and doubtful situation. She was indeed united to England, but the cement had not had time to acquire consistence. The irritation of ancient wrongs still subsisted, and betwixt the fretful jealousy of the Scottish, and the supercilious disdain of the English, quarrels repeatedly occurred, in the course of which the national league, so important to the safety of both, was in the utmost danger of being dissolved. Scotland had, besides, the disadvantage of being divided into intestine factions, which hated each other bitterly, and waited but a signal to break forth into action.

In such circumstances, another man, with the talents and rank of Argyle, but without a mind so happily regulated, would have sought to rise from the earth in the whirlwind, and direct its fury. He chose a course more safe and more honourable.

Soaring above the petty distinctions of faction, his voice was raised, whether in office or

opposition, for those measures which were at once just and lenient. His high military talents enabled him, during the memorable year 1715, to render such services to the house of Hanover, as, perhaps, were too great to be either acknowledged or repaid. He had employed, too, his utmost influence in softening the consequences of that insurrection to the unfortunate gentlemen, whom a mistaken sense of loyalty had engaged in the affair, and was rewarded by the esteem and affection of his country in an uncommon degree. This popularity, with a discontented and warlike people, was supposed to be a subject of jealousy at court, where the power to become dangerous is sometimes of itself obnoxious, though the inclination is not united with it. Besides, the Duke of Argyle's independent and somewhat haughty mode of expressing himself in Parliament, and acting in public, were ill calculated to attract royal favour. He was, therefore, always respected, and often employed, but he was not a favourite of George the Second, his consort, or his ministers. At several different periods in his life, the Duke might be considered as in absolute disgrace at court, although he could hardly be said to be a declared member of opposition. This rendered him the dearer to Scotland, because it was usually in her cause that he incurred the displeasure of his

sovereign; and upon this very occasion of the Porteous mob, the animated and eloquent opposition which he had offered to the severe measures which were about to be adopted towards the city of Edinburgh, was the more gratefully received in that metropolis, as it was understood that the Duke's interposition had given personal offence to Queen Caroline.

His conduct upon this occasion, as, indeed, that of all the Scottish members of the legislature, with one or two unworthy exceptions, had been in the highest degree spirited. The popular tradition, concerning his reply to Queen Caroline, has been given already, and some fragments of his speech against the Porteous bill are still remembered. He retorted upon the Chancellor, Lord Hardwicke, the insinuation that he had stated himself in this case rather as a party than as a judge: — “I appeal,” said Argyle, “to the House — to the nation, if I can be justly branded with the infamy of being a jobber or a partizan. Have I been a briber of votes? — a buyer of boroughs? — the agent of corruption for any purpose, or on behalf of any party? — Consider my life; examine my actions in the field and in the cabinet, and see where there lies a blot that can attach to my honour. I have shown myself the friend of my country — the loyal subject of my king. I am ready to do so again, without

an instant's regard to the frowns or smiles of a court. I have experienced both, and am prepared with indifference for either. I have given my reasons for opposing this bill, and have made it appear that it is repugnant to the international treaty of union, to the liberty of Scotland, and, reflectively, to that of England, to common justice, to common sense, and to the public interest. Shall the metropolis of Scotland, the capital of an independent nation, the residence of a long line of monarchs, by whom that noble city was graced and dignified — shall such a city, for the fault of an obscure and unknown body of rioters, be deprived of its honours and its privileges — its gates and its guards? — and shall a native Scotchman tamely behold the havock? I glory, my Lords, in opposing such unjust rigour, and reckon it my dearest pride and honour to stand up in defence of my native country, while thus laid open to undeserved shame, and unjust spoliation."

Other statesmen and orators, both Scottish and English, used the same arguments, the bill was gradually stripped of its most oppressive and obnoxious clauses, and at length ended in a fine upon the city of Edinburgh in favour of Porteous's widow. So that, as somebody observed at the time, the whole of these fierce debates ended in making the fortune of an old cook-

maid, such having been the good woman's original capacity.

The court, however, did not forget the baffle they had received in this affair, and the Duke of Argyle, who had contributed so much to it, was thereafter considered as a person in disgrace. It is necessary to place these circumstances under the reader's observation, both because they are connected with the preceding and subsequent part of our narrative.

The Duke was alone in his study, when one of his gentlemen acquainted him, that a country-girl, from Scotland, was desirous of speaking with his Grace.

«A country-girl, and from Scotland!” said the Duke; «what can have brought the silly fool to London? — Some lover pressed and sent to sea, or some stock sunk in the South-Sea funds, or some such hopeful concern, I suppose, and then nobody to manage the matter but Mac Callummore. — Well, this same popularity has its inconveniences. However, show our country-woman up, Archibald—it is ill manners to keep her in attendance.”

A young woman of rather low stature, and whose countenance might be termed very modest and pleasing in expression, though sun-burnt, somewhat freckled, and not possessing regular features, was ushered into the splendid library.

She wore the tartan plaid of her country, adjusted so as partly to cover her head, and partly to fall back over her shoulders. A quantity of fair hair, disposed with great simplicity and neatness, appeared in front of her round and good-humoured face, to which the solemnity of her errand, and her sense of the Duke's rank and importance; gave an appearance of deep awe, but not of slavish fear, or fluttered bashfulness. The rest of Jeanie's dress was in the style of Scottish maidens of her own class, arranged with that scrupulous attention to neatness and cleanliness, which we often find united with that purity of mind, of which it is a natural emblem.

She stopped near the entrance of the room, made her deepest reverence, and crossed her hands upon her bosom, without uttering a syllable. The Duke of Argyle advanced towards her; and if she admired his graceful deportment and rich dress, decorated with the orders which had been deservedly bestowed on him, his courteous manner, and quick and intelligent cast of countenance, he on his part was not less, or less deservedly, struck with the quiet simplicity and modesty expressed in the dress, manners, and countenance of his humble countrywoman.

“Did you wish to speak with me, my bonnie lass?” said the Duke, using the encouraging epi-

thet which at once acknowledged the connection betwixt them as country-folks; «or, did you wish to see the Duchess?»

«My business is with your honour, my Lord — I mean your Lordship's Grace.»

«And what is it, my good-girl?» said the Duke, in the same mild and encouraging tone of voice. Jeanie looked at the attendant. «Leave us, Archibald,» said the Duke, «and wait in the anteroom.» The domestic retired. «And now sit down, my good lass,» said the Duke; «take your breath — take your time, and tell me what you have got to say. I guess by your dress, you are just come up from poor old Scotland-Did you come through the streets in your tartan plaid?»

«No, sir,» said Jeanie; «a friend brought me in ane o' their street coaches — a very decent woman,» she added, her courage increasing as she became familiar with the sound of her own voice in such a presence; «your Lordship's Grace kens her — it's Mrs Glass, at the sign o' the Thistle.»

«O my worthy snuff-merchant — I have always a chat with Mrs Glass when I purchase my Scots high-dried. — Well, but your business, my bonnie woman — time and tide, you know, wait for no one.»

“Your honour — I beg your Lordship’s pardon — I mean your Grace,” for it must be noticed, that this matter of addressing the Duke by his appropriate title had been anxiously inculcated upon Jeanie by her friend Mrs Glass, in whose eyes it was a matter of such importance, that her last words, as Jeanie left the coach, were, “Mind to say your Grace,” and Jeanie, who had scarce ever in her life spoke to a person of higher quality than the Laird of Dumbiedikes, found great difficulty in arranging her language according to the rules of ceremony.

The Duke, who saw her embarrassment, said, with his usual affability, “Never mind my grace lassie; just speak out a plain tale, and show you have a Scots tongue in your head.”

“Sir, I am muckle obliged — Sir, I am the sister of that poor unfortunate criminal, Effie Deans, who is ordered for execution at Edinburgh.”

“Ah!” said the Duke, “I have heard of that unhappy story, I think a case of child murder, under a special act of parliament — Duncan Forbes mentioned it at dinner the other day.”

“And I was come up frae the north, sir, to see what could be done for her in the way of getting a reprieve or pardon, sir, or the like of that.”

“Alas! my poor girl,” said the Duke, “you have made a long and a sad journey to very little purpose — Your sister is ordered for execution.”

“But I am given to understand that there is law for reprieving her, if it is in the king’s pleasure,” said Jeanie.

“Certainly there is,” said the Duke; “but that is purely in the king’s breast. The crime has been but too common — the Scots crown-lawyers think it is right there should be an example. Then the late disorders in Edinburgh have excited a prejudice in government against the nation at large, which they think can only be managed by measures of intimidation and severity. What argument have you, my poor girl, except the warmth of your sisterly affection, to offer against all this? — What is your interest? — What friends have you at court?”

“None, excepting God and your Grace,” said Jeanie, still keeping her ground resolutely, however.

“Alas!” said the Duke, “I could almost say with old Ormond, that there could not be any, whose influence was smaller with kings and ministers. It is a cruel part of our situation, young woman — I mean of the situation of men in my circumstances, that the public ascribe to them influence which they do not possess; and that individuals are led to expect from them assistance

which we have no means of rendering. But candour and plain dealing is in the power of every one, and I must not let you imagine you have resources in my influence, which do not exist, to make your distress the heavier — I have no means of averting your sister's fate — She must die."

"We must a' die, sir," said Jeanie; "it is our common doom for our father's transgression; but we shouldna hasten ilk other out o' the world, that's what your honour kens better than me."

"My good young woman," said the Duke, mildly, "we are all apt to blame the law under which we immediately suffer; but you seem to have been well educated in your line of life, and you must know that it is alike the law of God and man, that the murderer shall surely die."

"But, sir, Effie — that is, my poor sister, sir — canna be proved to be a murderer; and if she be not, and the law take her life notwithstanding, wha is it that is the murderer then?"

"I am no lawyer," said the Duke; "and I own I think the statute a very severe one."

"You are a law-maker, sir, with your leave; and, therefore, ye have power over the law," answered Jeanie.

"Not in my individual capacity," said the Duke; "though, as one of a large body, I have a voice in the legislation. But that cannot serve

you — nor have I at present, I care not who knows it, so much personal influence with the sovereign as would entitle me to ask from him the most insignificant favour. What could tempt, you young woman, to address yourself to me?"

"It was yoursell, sir."

"Myself?" he replied — "I am sure you have never seen me before."

"No, sir; but a' the world kens that the Duke of Argyle is the country's friend; and that ye fight for the right, and speak for the right, and that there's nane like your's in our present Israel, and so they that think themselves wranged draw to refuge under your shadow; and if ye wunna stir to save the blood of an innocent country-woman of your ain, what should we expect frae southernns and strangers? And maybe I had another reason for troubling your honour."

"And what is that?" asked the Duke.

"I hae understood from my father, that your honour's house, and especially your gudesire and his father, laid down their lives on the scaffold in the persecuting time. And my father was honoured to gie his testimony baith in the cage and in the pillory, as is specially mentioned in the books of Peter Walker the packmann, that your honour, I dare say, kens, for he uses maist

partly the west-land of Scotland. And, sir, there's ane that takes concern in me, that wished me to gang to your Grace's presence, for his gudesire had done your gracious gudesire some good turn, as ye will see frae these papers."

With these words, she delivered to the Duke the little parcel which she had received from Butler. He opened it, and, in the envelope, read with some surprise, "Muster-roll of the men serving in the troop of that godly gentleman, Captain Salathiel Bangtext. — Obadiah Muggleton, Sin-Despise Double-knock, Stand-fast-in-faith Gipps, Turn to the-right Thwack-away — What the deuce is this? A list of Praise-God Barebones's Parliament I think, or of old Noll's evangelical army — that last fellow should understand his wheelings to judge by his name. — But what does all this mean, my girl?"

"It was the other paper, sir," said Jeanie, some what abashed at the mistake.

"O, this is my unfortunate grandfather's hand sure enough — To all who may have friendship for the house of Argyle, these are to certify, that Benjamin Butler, of Monk's regiment of dragoons, having been, under God, the means of saving my life from four English troopers who were about to slay me, I, having no other present means of recompense in my power, do give him this ack-

nowledgment, hoping that it may be useful to him or his during these troublesome times; and do conjure my friends, tenants, kinsmen, and whoever will do aught for me, either in the Highlands or Lowlands, to protect and assist the said Benjamin Butler, and his friends or family, on their lawful occasions, giving them such countenance, maintenance, and supply, as may correspond with the benefit he hath bestowed on me, witness my hand —

,LORNE.

“This is a strong injunction — This Benjamin Butler was your grandfather I suppose? — You seem too young to have been his daughter.”

“He was nae akin to me, sir — he was grandfather to ane — to a neighbour’s son — to a sincere well-wisher of mine, sir,” dropping her little curtsy as she spoke.

“O, I understand,” said the Duke — “a true-love affair. He was the grandsire of one you are engaged to?”

“One I *was* engaged to, sir,” said Jeanie, sighing; “but this unhappy business of my poor sister” —

“What!” said the Duke hastily, — “he has not deserted you on that account, has he?”

“No, sir; he wad be the last to leave a friend in difficulties,” said Jeanie; “but I maun think for him, as weel as for mysell. He is a clergyman, sir, and it would not beseem him to marry the like of me, wi’ this disgrace on my kindred.”

“You are a singular young woman,” said the Duke. “You seem to me to think of every one before yourself. And have you really come up from Edinburgh on foot, to attempt this hopeless solicitation for your sister’s life?”

“It was not a’thegether on foot, sir,” answered Jeanie; “for I sometimes got a cast in a waggon, and I had a horse from Ferrybridge, and then the coach” —

“Well, never mind all that,” interrupted the Duke. — “What reason have you for thinking your sister innocent?”

“Because she has not been proved guilty, as will appear from looking at these papers.”

She put into his hand a note of the evidence, and copies of her sister’s declaration. These papers Butler had procured after her departure, and Saddletree had them forwarded to London, to Mrs Glass’s care, so that Jeanie found the documents, so necessary for supporting her suit, lying in readiness at her arrival.

“Sit down in that chair, my good girl,” said the Duke, “until I glance over the papers.”

She obeyed, and watched with the utmost anxiety each change in his countenance as he cast his eye through the papers briefly, yet with attention, and making memoranda as he went along. After reading them hastily over, he looked up, and seemed about to speak, yet changed his purpose, as if afraid of committing himself by giving too hasty an opinion, and read over again several passages which he had marked as being most important. All this he did in shorter time than can be supposed by men of ordinary talents; for his mind was of that acute and penetrating character which discovers, with the glance of intuition, what facts bear on the particular point that chances to be subjected to consideration. At length he rose, after a few minutes deep reflection. — “Young woman,” said he, “your sister’s case must certainly be termed a hard one.”

“God bless you, sir, for that very word,” said Jeanie.

“It seems contrary to the genius of British law,” continued the Duke, “to take that for granted which is not proved, or to punish with death for a crime, which, for aught the prose-

author has been able to show, may not have been committed at all."

"God bless you, sir," again said Jeanie, who had risen from her seat, and, with clasped hands, eyes glittering through tears, and features which trembled with anxiety, drank in every word which the Duke uttered.

"But alas! my poor girl," he continued, "what good will my opinion do you, unless I could impress it upon those in whose hands your sister's life is placed by the law? Besides, I am no lawyer; and I must speak with some of our Scottish gentlemen of the gown about the matter."

"O but, sir, what seems reasonable to your honour, will certainly be the same to them," answered Jeanie.

"I do not know that," replied the Duke "ilka man buckles his belt his ain gate — you know our old Scots proverb? — But you shall not have placed this reliance on me altogether in vain. Leave these papers with me, and you shall hear from me to-morrow or next day. Take care to be at home at Mrs Glass's, and ready to come to me at a moment's warning. It will be unnecessary for you to give Mrs Glass the trouble to attend you; — and, by the bye, you will please to be dressed just as you are at present."

“I wad hae putten on a cap, sir,” said Jeanie, “but your honour kens it isna the fashion of my country for single women; and I judged that being sae mony hundred miles frae hame, your Grace’s heart wad warm to the tartan,” looking at the corner of her plaid.

“You judged quite right,” said the Duke. “I know the full value of the snood; and MacCullummore’s heart will be as cold as death can make it, when it does *not* warm to the tartan. Now, go away, and don’t be out of the way when I send.”

Jeanie replied, — “There is little fear of that, sir, for I have little heart to go to see sights amang this wilderness of black houses. But if I might say to your gracious honour, that if ye ever condescend to speak to ony ane that is of greater degree than yoursell, though maybe it is nae civil in me to say sae, just if you would think there can be nae sic odds between you and them, as between poor Jeanie Deans from Saint Leonard’s and the Duke of Argyle; and so dinna be chappit back or cast down wi’ the first rough answer.”

“I am not apt,” said the Duke, laughing, “to mind rough answers much — Do not you hope too much from what I have promised. I

will do my best, but God has the hearts of kings in his own hand.

Jeanie curtsied reverently and withdrew, attended by the Duke's gentleman, to her hackneycoach, with a respect which her appearance did not demand, but which was perhaps paid to the length of interview with which his master had honoured her.

 CHAPTER XXXVI.

—— ascend,

*While radiant summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene! Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape.*

Thomson.

FROM her kind and officious, but somewhat gossiping friend, Mrs Glass, Jeanie underwent a very close catechism on their road to the Strand, where the Thistle of the good lady flourished in full glory, and, with its legend of *Nemo me impune*, distinguished a shop then well known to all Scottish folks of high and low degree.

“And were you sure aye to say your Grace to him?” said the good old lady; “for ane should make a distinction between MacCallummore and the bits o’ southern bodies that they ca’ lords here — there are as mony o’ them, Jeanie, as would gar ane think they maun cost but little

fash in the making — some of them I wadna trust wi' six pennies worth of black rappee — some of them I wadna gie mysell the trouble to put up a hapnyworth in brown paper for — But I hope you showed your breeding to the Duke of Argyle, for what sort of folks would he think your friends in London, if you had been lording him, and him a Duke?"

"He didna seem muckle to mind," said Jeanie; "he kenn'd that I was landward bred."

"Weel, weel," answered the good lady, "His Grace kens me weel; so I am the less anxious about it. I never fill his snuff-box but he says, 'How d'ye do, good Mrs Glass? — How are all our friends in the North?' or it maybe — 'Have ye heard from the North lately?' And you may be sure, I make my best curtesy, and answer, 'My Lord Duke, I hope your Grace's noble Duchess, and your Grace's young ladies, are well; and I hope the snuff continues to give your Grace satisfaction. And then ye will see the people in the shop begin to look about them; and if there's a Scotsman, as there may be three or half a dozen, aff go the hats, and mony a look after him, and there goes the Prince of Scotland, God bless him. But ye have not told me yet the very words he said t'ye.'"

Jeanie had no intention to be quite so communicative. She had, as the reader may have

observed, some of the caution and shrewdness, as well as of the simplicity, of her country. She answered generally, that the Duke had received her very compassionately, and had promised to interest himself in her sister's affair, and to let her hear from him in the course of the next day, or the day after. She did not chuse to make any mention of his having desired her to be in readiness to attend him, far less of his hint, that she should not bring her landlady. So that honest Mrs Glass was obliged to remain satisfied with the general intelligence above mentioned, after having done all she could to extract more.

It may easily be conceived, that, on the next day, Jeanie declined all invitations and inducements, whether of exercise or curiosity, to walk abroad, and continued to inhale the close, and somewhat professional atmosphere of Mrs Glass's small parlour. The latter flavour it owed to a certain cupboard, containing, among other articles, a few cannisters of real Havannah, which, whether from respect to the manufacture, or out of a reverend fear of the exciseman, Mrs Glass did not care to trust in the open shop below, and which communicated to the room a scent, that, however fragrant to the nostrils of the connoisseur, was not very agreeable to those of Jeanie.

“Dear sirs,” she said to herself, “I wonder

how my cousin's silk many, and her gowd watch, or ony thing in the world, can be worth sitting sneezing all her life in this little stifling room, and might walk on green braes if she liked."

"Mrs Glass was equally surprised at her cousin's reluctance to stir abroad, and her indifference to the fine sights of London. "It would always help to pass away the time," she said, "to have something to look at, though ane was in distress." But Jeanie was unpersuadable.

The day after her interview with the Duke was spent in that "hope delayed, which maketh the heart sick." Minutes glided after minutes — hours fled after hours — it became too late to have any reasonable expectation of hearing from the Duke that day; yet the hope which she disowned, she could not altogether relinquish, and her heart throbbed, and her ears tingled, with every casual sound in the shop below. It was in vain. The day wore away in the anxiety of protracted and fruitless expectation.

The next morning commenced in the same manner. But before noon, a well dressed gentleman entered Mrs Glass's shop, and requested to see a young woman from Scotland.

"That will be my cousin, Jeanie Deans, Mr Archibald," said Mrs Glass, with a curtesy of recognizance. "Have you any message for her

from his Grace the Duke of Argyle, Mr Archibald? I will carry it to her in a moment."

"I believe I must give her the trouble of stepping down, Mrs Glass."

"Jeanie — Jeanie Deans!" said Mrs Glass, screaming at the bottom of the little staircase, which ascended from the corner of the shop to the higher regions. "Jeanie — Jeanie Deans, I say come down stairs instantly; here is the Duke of Argyle's groom of the chambers desires to see you directly." This was announced in a voice so loud, as to make all who chanced to be within hearing aware of the important communication.

It may easily be supposed, that Jeanie did not tarry long in adjusting herself to attend the summons, yet her feet almost failed her as she came down stairs.

"I must ask the favour of your company a little way," said Archibald, with civility.

"I am quite ready, sir," said Jeanie.

"Is my cousin going out, Mr Archibald? then I will hae to go wi' her no doubt. — James Rasper — Look to the shop, James, — Mr Archibald," pushing a jar towards him, "you take his Grace's mixture, I think. Please to fill your box, for old acquaintance sake, while I get on my things."

Mr Archibald transposed a modest parcel of snuff from the jar to his own mull, but said he was obliged to decline the pleasure of Mrs

Glass's company, as his message was particularly to the young person.

"Particularly to the young person?" said Mrs Glass; "is not that uncommon, Mr Archibald? But his Grace is the best judge; and you are a steady person, Mr Archibald. It is not every one that comes from a great man's house I would trust my cousin with. But, Jeanie, you must not go through the streets with Mr Archibald with your tartan what d'ye call it there upon your shoulders, as you had come up with a drove of Highland cattle. Wait till I bring down my silk cloak. Why we'll have the mob after you!"

"I have a hackney-coach in waiting, madam," said Mr Archibald, interrupting the officious old lady, from whom Jeanie might otherwise have found it difficult to escape, "and, I believe, I must not allow her time for any change of dress."

So saying, he hurried Jeanie into the coach, while she internally praised and wondered at the easy manner in which he shifted off Mrs Glass's officious offers and enquiries, without mentioning his master's orders, or entering into any explanation.

On entering the coach, Mr Archibald seated himself in the front seat, opposite to our heroine, and they drove on in silence. After they had driven nearly half an hour, without a word on

either side, it occurred to Jeanie, that the distance and time did not correspond with that which had been occupied by her journey on the former occasion to and from the residence of the Duke of Argyle. At length she could not help asking her taciturn companion, "Whilk way they were going?"

"My Lord Duke will inform you himself, madam," answered Archibald, with the same solemn courtesy which marked his whole demeanour. Almost as he spoke, the hackney-coach drew up, and the coachman dismounted and opened the door. Archibald got out and assisted Jeanie to get down. She found herself in a large turnpike road, without the bounds of London, upon the other side of which road was drawn up a plain chariot and four horses, the pannels without arms, and the servants without liveries.

"You have been punctual, I see, Jeanie," said the Duke of Argyle, as Archibald opened the carriage door. "You must be my companion for the rest of the way. Archibald will remain here with the hackney-coach till your return."

Ere Jeanie could make answer, she found herself, to her no small astonishment, seated by the side of a duke, in a carriage which rolled forward at a rapid yet smooth rate, very different in both particulars from the lumbering, jolting vehicle which she had just left; and which,

lumbering and jolting as it was, conveyed to one who had never been in a coach before gave a certain feeling of dignity and importance.

“Young woman,” said the Duke, “after thinking as attentively on your sister’s case as is in my power, I continue to be impressed with the belief that great injustice may be done by the execution of her sentence. So are one or two liberal and intelligent lawyers of both countries whom I have spoken with. — Nay, pray hear me out before you thank me. — I have already told you my personal conviction is of little consequence, unless I could impress the same upon others. Now I have done for you, what I would certainly not have done to serve any purpose of my own — I have asked an audience of a lady whose interest with the king is deservedly very high. It has been allowed me, and I am desirous that you should see her and speak for yourself. You have no occasion to be abashed; tell your story simply as you did to me.”

“I am much obliged to your Grace,” said Jeanie, remembering Mrs Glass’s charge, “and I am sure since I have had the courage to speak to your Grace, in poor Effie’s cause, I have less reason to be shame-faced in speaking to a leddy. But, sir, I would like to ken what to ca’ her, whether your grace, or your honour, or your leddyship, as we say to lairds and leddies in

Scotland, and I will take care to mind it; for I ken leddies are full mair particular than gentlemen about their titles of honour."

"You have no occasion to call her any thing but Madam. Just say what you think is likely to make the best impression — look at me from time to time — if I put my hand to my cravat so — (showing her the motion) — you will stop; but I shall only do this when you say any thing that is not likely to please."

"But, sir, your Grace," said Jeanie, "if it wasna ower muckle trouble, wad it na be better to tell me what I should say, and I could get it by heart?"

"No, Jeanie, that would not have the same effect — that would be like reading a sermon you know, which we good presbyterians think has less unction than when spoken without book," replied the Duke. "Just speak as plainly and boldly to this lady, as you did to me the day before yesterday; and if you can gain her consent, I'll wad ye a plack, as we say in the north, that you get the pardon from the king."

As he spoke, he took a pamphlet from his pocket, and began to read. Jeanie had good sense and tact, which constitute betwixt them that which is called natural good breeding. She interpreted the Duke's manoeuvre as a hint that

she was to ask no more questions, and she remained silent accordingly.

The carriage rolled rapidly onwards through fertile meadows, ornamented with splendid old oaks, and catching occasionally a glance of the majestic mirror of a broad and placid river. After passing through a pleasant village, the equipage stopped on a commanding eminence, where the beauty of English landscape was displayed in its utmost luxuriance. Here the Duke alighted, and desired Jeanie to follow him. They paused for a moment on the brow of a hill, to gaze on the unrivalled landscape which it presented. A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves, was tenanted by numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to wander unrestrained and unbounded through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turretted with villas, and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on his bosom an hundred barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gaily fluttering penons gave life to the whole.

The Duke of Argyle was, of course, familiar with this scene; but to a man of genius it must be always new. Yet, as he paused and looked on this inimitable landscape, with the feeling of delight which it must give to the bosom of

every admirer of nature, his thoughts naturally reverted to his own more grand, yet scarce less beautiful, domains of Inverary. — “This is a fine scene,” he said to his companion, curious, perhaps, to draw out her sentiments; “we have nothing like it in Scotland.”

“It’s braw rich feeding for the cows, and they have a fine breed o’ cattle here,” replied Jeanie; “but I like just as weel to look at the craigs of Arthur’s Seat, and the sea coming in ayont them, as at a’ thae muckle trees.”

The Duke smiled at a reply equally professional and national, and made a signal for the carriage to remain where it was. Then adopting an unfrequented foot path, he conducted Jeanie, through several complicated mazes, to a postern-door in a high brick wall. It was shut; but as the Duke tapped slightly at it, a person in waiting within, after reconnoitring through a small iron-grate contrived for the purpose, unlocked the door, and admitted them. They entered, and it was immediately closed and fastened behind them. This was all done quickly, the door so instantly closing, and the person who opened it so suddenly disappearing, that Jeanie could not even catch a glance of his exterior.

They found themselves at the extremity of a deep and narrow alley, carpetted with the most verdant and close shaven turf, which felt like

velvet under their feet, and screened from the sun by the branches of the lofty elms which united over the path, and caused it to resemble, in the solemn obscurity of the light which they admitted, as well as from the range of columnar stems, and intricate union of their arched branches, one of the narrow side aisles in an ancient Gothic cathedral.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

— *I beseech you* —

*These tears beseech you, and these chaste hands
woo you,*

That never yet were heaved but to things holy —

*Things like yourself — You are a God above
us;*

Be as a God, then, full of saving mercy!

The Bloody Brother.

ENCOURAGED as she was by the courteous manners of her noble countryman, it was not without a feeling of something like terror that Jeanie felt herself in a place apparently so lonely, with a man of such high rank. That she should have been permitted to wait on the Duke in his own house, and have been there received to a private interview, was in itself an uncommon and distinguished event in the annals of a life so simple as her's; but to find herself his travelling com-

panion in a journey, and then suddenly to be left alone with him in so secluded a situation, had something in it of awful mystery. A romantic heroine might have suspected and dreaded the power of her own charms; but Jeanie was too wise to let such a silly thought intrude on her mind. Still, however, she had a most eager desire to know where she now was, and to whom she was to be presented.

She remarked that the Duke's dress, though still such as indicated rank and fashion, (for it was not the custom of men of quality at that time to dress themselves like their own coachmen or grooms,) was nevertheless plainer than that in which she had seen him upon a former occasion, and was divested, in particular, of all those badges of external decoration which intimated superior consequence. In short, he was attired as plainly as any gentleman of fashion could appear in the streets of London in a morning; and this circumstance helped to shake an opinion which Jeanie began to entertain, that, perhaps, he intended she should plead her cause in the presence of royalty itself. "But, surely," said she to herself, "he wad hae putten on his braw star and garter, an' he had thought o' coming before the face of Majesty — and after a', this is mair like a gentleman's policy than a royal palace."

There was some sense in Jeanie's reasoning; yet she was not sufficiently mistress either of the circumstances of etiquette, or the particular relations which existed betwixt the government and the Duke of Argyle, to form an accurate judgment. The Duke, as we have said, was at this time in open opposition to the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, and was understood to be out of favour with the royal family, to whom he had rendered such important services. But it was a maxim of Queen Caroline, to bear herself towards her political friends with such caution, as if there was a possibility of their one day being her enemies, and towards political opponents with the same degree of circumspection, as if they might again become friendly to her measures. Since Margaret of Anjou, no queen-consort had exercised such weight in the political affairs of England, and the personal address which she displayed on many occasions, had no small share in reclaiming from their political heresy many of those determined tories, who, after the reign of the Stuarts had been extinguished in the person of Queen Anne, were disposed rather to transfer their allegiance to her brother the Chevalier de St George, than to acquiesce in the settlement of the crown on the Hanover family. Her husband, whose most shining quality was courage in the field of battle, and who endured the office

of King of England, without ever being able to acquire English habits, or any familiarity with English dispositions, found the utmost assistance from the address of his partner, and while he jealously affected to do every thing according to his own will and pleasure, was in secret prudent enough to take and follow the advice of his more adroit consort. He entrusted to her the delicate office of determining the various degrees of favour necessary to attach the wavering, or to confirm those who were already friendly, or to regain those whose good-will had been lost.

With all the winning address of an elegant, and, according to the times, an accomplished woman, Queen Caroline possessed the masculine soul of the other sex. She was proud by nature, and even her policy could not always temper her expressions of displeasure, although few were more ready at repairing any false step of this kind, when her prudence came up to the aid of her passions. She loved the real possession of power, rather than the show of it, and whatever she did herself that was either wise or popular, she always desired that the king should have the full credit as well as the advantage of the measure, conscious that, by adding to his respectability, she was most likely to maintain her own. And so desirous was she to comply with all his tastes, that, when threatened with the gout, she

had repeatedly had recourse to checking the fit by the use of the cold bath, thereby endangering her life that she might be able to attend the king in his walks.

It was a very consistent part of Queen Caroline's character, to keep up many private correspondences with those to whom in public she seemed unfavourable, or who, for various reasons, stood ill with the court. By this means she kept in her hands the thread of many a political intrigue, and, without pledging herself to any thing, could often prevent discontent from becoming hatred, and opposition from exaggerating itself into rebellion. If by any accident her correspondence with such persons chanced to be observed or discovered, which she took all possible pains to prevent, it was represented as a mere intercourse of society, having no reference to politics; an answer with which even the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, was compelled to remain satisfied, when he discovered that the Queen had given a private audience to Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, his most formidable and most inveterate enemy.

In thus maintaining occasional intercourse with several persons who seemed most alienated from the crown, it may readily be supposed, that Queen Caroline had taken care not to break entirely with the Duke of Argyle. His high

birth, his great talents, the estimation in which he was held in his own country, the great services which he had rendered the house of Brunswick in 1715, placed him high in that rank of persons who were not to be rashly neglected. He had, almost by his single and unassisted talents, stopped the irruption of the banded force of all the Highland chiefs; there was little doubt, that, with the slightest encouragement, he could put them all in motion, and renew the civil war; and it was well known that the most flattering overtures had been transmitted to the Duke from the court of St Germain. The character and temper of Scotland was still little known, and it was considered as a volcano, which might, indeed, slumber for a series of years, but was still liable, at a moment the least unexpected, to break out into a wasteful eruption. It was, therefore, of the highest importance to retain some hold over so important a personage as the Duke of Argyle, and Caroline preserved the means of doing so by means of a lady, with whom, as wife of George II, she might have been supposed to be on less intimate terms.

It was not the least instance of the Queen's address, that she had contrived that one of her principal attendants, Lady Suffolk, should unite in her own person the two apparently inconsistent characters of her husband's mistress, and her

own very obsequious and complaisant confidante. By this dexterous management the Queen secured her power against the danger which might most have threatened it — the thwarting influence of an ambitious rival; and if she submitted to the mortification of being obliged to connive at her husband's infidelity, she was at least guarded against what she might think its most dangerous effects, and was besides at liberty, now and then, to bestow a few civil insults upon "her good Howard," whom, however, in general, she treated with great decorum. Lady Suffolk lay under strong obligations to the Duke of Argyle, for reasons which may be collected from Horace Walpole's Reminiscences of that reign, and through her means the Duke had some occasional correspondence with Queen Caroline, much interrupted, however, since the part he had taken in the debate concerning the Porteous mob, an affair which the Queen was disposed to resent, rather as an intended and premeditated insolence to her own person and authority, than as a sudden ebullition of popular vengeance. Still, however, the communication remained open betwixt them, though it had been of late disused on both sides. These remarks will be found necessary to understand the scene which is about to be presented to the reader.

From the narrow alley which they had tra-

versed, the Duke turned into one of the same character, but broader and still longer. Here, for the first time since they had entered these gardens, Jeanie saw persons approaching them.

They were two ladies, one of whom walked a little behind the other, yet not so much as to prevent her from hearing and replying to whatever observation was addressed to her. As they advanced very slowly, Jeanie had time to study their features and appearance. The Duke also slackened his pace, as if to give her time to collect herself, and repeatedly desired her not to be afraid. The lady who seemed the principal person had remarkably good features, though somewhat injured by the small-pox, that venomous scourge which each village Esculapius (thanks to Jenner) can now tame as easily as their tutelary deity subdued the Python. The lady's eyes were brilliant, her teeth good, and her countenance formed to express at will either majesty or courtesy. Her form, though rather *embon-point*, was nevertheless graceful; and the elasticity and firmness of her step gave no room to suspect, what was actually the case, that she suffered occasionally from a disorder the most unfavourable to pedestrian exercise. Her dress was rather rich than gay, and her manner commanding and noble.

Her companion was of lower stature, with

light-brown hair and expressive blue eyes. Her features, without being absolutely regular, were perhaps more pleasing than if they had been critically handsome. A melancholy, or at least a pensive expression, for which her lot gave too much cause, predominated when she was silent, but gave way to a pleasing and good humoured smile when she spoke to any one.

When they were within twelve or fifteen yards of these ladies, the Duke made a sign that Jeanie should stand still, and stepping forward himself, with the grace which was natural to him, made a profound obeisance, which was formally, yet in a dignified manner, returned by the personage whom he approached.

“I hope,” she said, with an affable and condescending smile, “that I see so great a stranger at court, as the Duke of Argyle has been of late, in as good health as his friends there and elsewhere could wish him to enjoy.”

The Duke replied, “That he had been perfectly well;” and added, “that the necessity of attending to the public business before the House, as well as the time occupied by a late journey to Scotland, had rendered him less assiduous in paying his duty at the levee and drawing-room than he could have desired.”

“When your Grace *can* find time for a duty so frivolous,” replied the Queen, “you are aware

of your title to be well received. I hope my readiness to comply with the wish which you expressed yesterday to Lady Suffolk, is a sufficient proof that one of the royal family, at least, has not forgotten ancient and important services, in resenting something which resembles recent neglect." This was said apparently with great good humour, and in a tone which expressed a desire of conciliation.

The Duke replied, "That he would account himself the most unfortunate of men, if he could be supposed capable of neglecting his duty, in modes and circumstances when it was expected, and would have been agreeable. He was deeply gratified by the honour which her Majesty was now doing to him personally; and he trusted she would soon perceive that it was in a matter essential to his Majesty's interest that he had the boldness to give her this trouble."

"You cannot oblige me more, my Lord Duke," replied the Queen, "than by giving me the advantage of your lights and experience on any point of the King's service. Your Grace is aware, that I can only be the medium through which the matter is subjected to his Majesty's superior wisdom; but if it is a suit which respects your Grace personally, it shall lose no support by being preferred through me."

"It is no suit of mine, madam," replied the

Duke; «nor have I any to prefer for myself personally, although I feel in full force my obligation to your Majesty. It is a business which concerns his Majesty, as a lover of justice and of mercy, and which, I am convinced, may be highly useful in conciliating the unfortunate irritation which at present subsists among his Majesty's good subjects in Scotland.”

There were two parts of this speech disagreeable to Caroline. In the first place, it removed the flattering notion she had adopted, that Argyle designed to use her personal intercession in making his peace with the administration, and recovering the employments of which he had been deprived; and then she was displeased that he should talk of the discontents in Scotland as irritations to be conciliated, rather than suppressed.

Under the influence of these feelings, she answered hastily, «That his Majesty has good subjects in England, my Lord Duke, he is bound to thank God and the laws — that he has subjects in Scotland, I think he may thank God and his sword.”

The Duke, though a courtier, coloured slightly, and the Queen, instantly sensible of her error, added, without displaying the least change of countenance, and as if the words had been an original branch of the sentence — «And the swords of those real Scotchmen who are friends

to the House of Brunswick, particularly that of his Grace of Argyle."

"My sword, madam," replied the Duke, "like that of my fathers, has been always at the command of my lawful king, and of my native country — I trust it is impossible to separate their real rights and interests. But the present is a matter of more private concern, and respects the person of an obscure individual."

"What is the affair, my Lord," said the Queen. "Let us find out what we are talking about, lest we should misconstrue and misunderstand each other."

"The matter, madam," answered the Duke of Argyle, "regards the fate of an unfortunate young woman in Scotland, now lying under sentence of death, for a crime of which I think it highly probable that she is innocent. And my humble petition to your Majesty is, to obtain your powerful intercession with the King for a pardon."

It was now the Queen's turn to colour; and she did so over cheek and brow — neck and bosom. She paused a moment, as if unwilling to trust her voice with the first expression of her displeasure; and on assuming an air of dignity and an austere regard of control, she at length replied, "My Lord Duke, I will not ask your motives for addressing to me a request, which

circumstances have rendered such an extraordinary one. Your road to the king's closet, as a peer and a privy-councillor, entitled to request an audience, was open, without giving me the pain of this discussion. *I*, at least, have had enough of Scotch pardons."

The Duke was prepared for this burst of indignation, and he was not shaken by it. He did not attempt a reply while the Queen was in the first heat of displeasure, but remained in the same firm, yet respectful posture, which he had assumed during the interview. The Queen, trained from her situation to self-command, instantly perceived the advantage she might give against herself by yielding to passion; and added, in the same condescending and affable tone in which she had opened the interview, "You must allow me some of the privileges of the sex, my Lord; and do not judge uncharitably of me, though I am a little moved at the recollection of the gross insult and outrage done in your capital city to the royal authority, at the very time when it was vested in my unworthy person. Your Grace cannot be surprised that I should both have felt it at the time, and recollected it now."

"It is certainly a matter not speedily to be forgotten," answered the Duke. "My own poor thoughts of it have been long before your Ma-

jesty, and I must have expressed myself very ill if I did not convey my detestation of the murder which was committed under such extraordinary circumstances. I might, indeed, be so unfortunate as to differ with his Majesty's advisers on the degree in which it was either just or politic to punish the innocent instead of the guilty. But I trust your Majesty will permit me to be silent on a topic in which my sentiments have not the good fortune to coincide with those of more able men."

"We will not prosecute a topic on which we may probably differ," said the Queen. "One word, however, I may say in private — You know our good Lady Suffolk is a little deaf — the Duke of Argyle, when disposed to renew his acquaintance with his master and mistress, will hardly find many topics on which we should disagree."

"Let me hope," said the Duke, bowing profoundly to so flattering an intimation, "that I shall not be so unfortunate as to have found one on the present occasion."

"I must first impose on your Grace the duty of confession," said the Queen, "before I grant you absolution. What is your particular interest in this young woman? She does not seem (and she scanned Jeanie, as she said this, with the eye of a connoisseur) much qualified to alarm my friend the Duchess's jealousy."

“I think your Majesty,” replied the Duke, smiling in his turn, “will allow my taste may be a pledge for me on that score.”

“Then, though she has not much the air *d'une grande dame*, I suppose she is some thirtieth cousin in the terrible chapter of Scottish genealogy.”

“No, madam,” said the Duke; “but I wish some of my nearer relations had half her worth, honesty, and affection.”

“Her name must be Campbell at least?” said Queen Caroline.

“No, madam; her name is not quite so distinguished, if I may be permitted to say so,” answered the Duke.

“Ah! but she comes from Inverary or Argyleshire?” said the Sovereign.

“She has never been farther north in her life than Edinburgh, madam.”

“Then my conjectures are all ended,” said the Queen, “and your Grace must yourself take the trouble to explain the affair of your protégée.”

With that precision and easy brevity which is only acquired by habitually conversing in the higher ranks of society, and which is the diametrical opposite of that protracted style of disquisition,

“Which squires call potter, and which men
call prose,”

the Duke explained the singular law under which Effie Deans had received sentence of death, and detailed the affectionate exertions which Jeanie had made in behalf of a sister, for whose sake she was willing to sacrifice all but truth and conscience.

Queen Caroline listened with attention; she was rather fond, it must be remembered, of an argument, and soon found matter in what the Duke told her for raising difficulties to his request.

“It appears to me, my Lord,” she replied, “that this is a severe law. But still it is adopted upon good grounds, I am bound to suppose, as the law of the country, and the girl has been convicted under it. The very presumptions which the law construes into a positive proof of guilt exist in her case; and all that your Grace has said concerning the possibility of her innocence may be a very good argument for annulling the Act of Parliament, but cannot, while it stands good, be admitted in favour of any individual convicted upon the statute.”

The Duke saw and avoided the snare, for he was conscious, that, by replying to the argument, he must have been inevitably led to a dis-

cussion, in the course of which the Queen was likely to be hardened in her own opinion, until she became obliged, out of mere respect to consistency, to let the criminal suffer. «If your Majesty,” he said, «would condescend to hear my poor countrywoman herself, perhaps she may find an advocate in your own heart, more able than I am to combat the doubts suggested by your understanding.”

The Queen seemed to acquiesce, and the Duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained watching countenances, which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her Majesty could not help smiling at the awe struck manner in which the quiet demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in woman, and eke besought «her Laddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature,” in tones so affecting, that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

«Stand up, young woman,” said the Queen, but in a kind tone, «and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your countryfolks are, where

child murther is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like your's?"

"If your Laddyship pleases," answered Jeanie, "there are mony places besides Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood."

It must be observed, that the disputes between George the second, and Frederick, Prince of Wales, where then at the highest, and that the good-natured part of the public laid the blame on the Queen. She coloured highly, and darted a glance of a most penetrating character first at Jeanie, and then at the Duke. Both sustained it unmoved; Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and the Duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, My unlucky protégée has, with this luckless answer, shot dead, by a kind of chance-medley, her only hope of success.

Lady Suffolk, good-humouredly and skilfully, interposed in this awkward crisis. "You should tell this lady," she said to Jeanie, "the particular causes which render this crime common in your country."

"Some thinks it's the Kirk-Session — that is — it's the — it's the cutty-stool, if your Laddyship pleases," said Jeanie, looking down, and curtseying.

"The what?" said Lady Suffolk, to whom

the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

“That’s the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your Laddyship,” answered Jeanie, “for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command.” Here she raised her eyes to the Duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo, by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party, which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

The deuce take the lass, thought the Duke of Argyle to himself; there goes another shot — and she has killed with both barrels right and left.

Indeed the Duke had himself his share of the confusion, for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country-squire, who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress-gowns, in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie’s last chance hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen

from the first; for her Majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a Queen, but what she could enjoy a jest at the expence of „her good Suffolk.” She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, „the Scotch are a rigidly moral people.” Then again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked, how she travelled up from Scotland.

„Upon my foot mostly, madam,” was the reply.

„What, all that immense way upon foot? — How far can you walk in a day?”

„Five and twenty miles and a bittock.”

„And a what?” said the Queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

„And about five miles more,” replied the Duke.

„I thought I was a good walker,” said the Queen, „but this shames me sadly.”

„May your Ledyship never hae sae weary a heart, that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs,” said Jeanie.

That came better off, thought the Duke; it’s the first thing she has said to the purpose.

„And I didna just a’thegether walk the haill way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge, and divers other easements,” said Jeanie, cutting

short her story, for she observed the Duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

“With all these accommodations,” answered the Queen, “you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose; since, if the King were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite.”

She will sink herself now outright, thought the Duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay under ground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

“She was confident,” she said, “that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his Majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature.”

“His Majesty has not found it so in a late instance,” said the Queen; “but I suppose, my Lord Duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves, who should be hanged and who spared?”

“No, madam,” said the Duke; “but I would advise his Majesty to be guided by his own feelings and those of his royal consort; and then, I am sure, punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance.”

“Well, my Lord,” said her Majesty, “all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon showing any mark of favour to your — I suppose I must not say rebellious? — but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognized? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depository of the secret. Hark you, young woman; had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?”

“No, madam,” answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

“But I suppose,” continued the Queen, “if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?”

“I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam,” answered Jeanie.

“Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations,” replied her Majesty.

“If it like you, madam,” said Jeanie, “I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save

the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister — my puir sister Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! — She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and a prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O, madam, if ever ye kenn'd what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! — Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body — and seldom may it visit your

Leddyship — and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low — lang and late may it be yours — O, my Leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for oursellis, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

"This is eloquence," said her Majesty to the Duke of Argyle. "Young woman," she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, "*I* cannot grant a pardon to your sister — but you shall not want my warm intercession with his Majesty. Take this housewife case," she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; "do not open it now, but at your leisure you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline."

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude; but the Duke, who was

upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

“Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my Lord Duke,” said the Queen, “and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your Grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St James’s. — Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his Grace good morning.”

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the Duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trod with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

*So soon as I can win the offended King
I will be known your advocate.*

Cymbeline.

THE Duke of Argyle led the way in silence to the small postern by which they had been admitted into Richmond Park, so long the favourite residence of Queen Caroline. It was opened by the same halfseen janitor, and they found themselves beyond the precincts of the royal demesne. Still not a word was spoken on either side. The Duke probably wished to allow his rustic protégée time to recruit her faculties, dazzled and sunk with colloquy sublime; and betwixt what she had guessed, had heard, and had seen, Jeanie Deans's mind was too much agitated to permit her to ask any questions.

They found the carriage of the Duke in the place where they had left it; and when they re-

sumed their places, soon began to advance rapidly on their return to town.

«I think, Jeanie,” said the Duke, breaking silence, «you have every reason to congratulate yourself on the issue of your interview with her Majesty.”

«And that leddy *was* the Queen hersell?” said Jeanie; «I misdoubted it when I saw that your honour didna put on your hat — And yet I can hardly believe it, even when I heard her speak it hersell.”

«It was certainly Queen Caroline,” replied the Duke. «Have you no curiosity to see what is in the little pocket-book?”

«Do you think the pardon will be in it, sir?” said Jeanie, with the eager animation of hope.

«Why, no,” replied the Duke; «that is unlikely. They seldom carry these things about them, unless they were likely to be wanted; and, besides, her Majesty told you it was the King, not she, who was to grant it.”

«That is true too,” said Jeanie; «but I am so confused in my mind — But does your honour think there is a certainty of Effie’s pardon then?” continued she, still holding in her hand the unopened pocket-book.

«Why, kings are kittle cattle to shoe behind, as we say in the north,” replied the Duke;

“but his wife knows his trim, and I have not the least doubt that the matter is quite certain.”

“O God be praised! God be praised!” ejaculated Jeanie; “and may the gude leddy never want the heart’s ease she has gi’en me at this moment — And God bless you too, my Lord! without your help I wad ne’er hae won near her.”

The Duke let her dwell upon this subject for a considerable time, curious, perhaps, to see how long the feelings of gratitude would continue to supersede those of curiosity. But so feeble was the latter feeling in Jeanie’s mind, that his Grace, with whom, perhaps, it was for the time a little stronger, was obliged once more to bring forward the subject of the Queen’s present. It was opened accordingly. In the inside of the case were the usual assortment of silk and needles, with scissors, tweazers, etc.; and in the pocket was a bank-bill for fifty pounds.

The Duke had no sooner informed Jeanie of the value of this last document, for she was unaccustomed to see notes for such sums, than she expressed her regret at the mistake which had taken place. “For the hussy itsell,” she said, “was a very valuable thing for a keepsake, with the Queen’s name written in the inside with her ain hand doubtless — *Caroline* — as plain as could be, and a crown drawn aboon it.”

She therefore tendered the bill to the Duke, requesting him to find some mode of returning it to the royal owner.

“No, no, Jeanie,” said the Duke, “there is no mistake in the case. Her Majesty knows you have been put to great expence, and she wishes to make it up to you.”

“I am sure she is even over gude,” said Jeanie, “and it glads me muckle that I can pay back Dumbiedikes his siller, without distressing my father, honest man.”

“Dumbiedikes? What, a freeholder of Mid-Lothian is he not?” said his Grace, whose occasional residence in that county made him acquainted with most of the heritors, as landed persons are termed in Scotland — “He has a house not far from Dalkeith, wears a black wig and a laced hat?”

“Yes, sir,” answered Jeanie, who had her reasons for being brief in her answers upon this topic.

“Ah! my old friend Dumbie!” said the Duke; “I have thrice seen him fou, and only once heard the sound of his voice — Is he a cousin of yours, Jeanie?”

“No, sir, my Lord.”

“Then he must be a well-wisher, I suspect?”

“Ye — yes, — my Lord, sir,” answered Jeanie, blushing, and with hesitation.

«Aha! then, if the Laird starts, I suppose my friend Butler must be in some danger?»

«O no, sir,” answered Jeanie much more readily, but at the same time blushing much more deeply.

«Well, Jeanie,” said the Duke, «you are a girl may be safely trusted with your own matters, and I shall enquire no further about them. But as to this same pardon, I must see to get it passed through the proper forms; and I have a friend in office who will, for auld lang syne, do me so much favour. And then, Jeanie, as I shall have occasion so send an express down to Scotland, who will travel with it safer and more swiftly than you can do, I will take care to have it put into the proper channel; meanwhile you may write to your friends by post of your good success.”

«And does your Honour think,” said Jeanie, «that will do as weel as I were to take my tap in my lap, and slip my ways hame again on my ain errand?»

«Much better, certainly,” said the Duke. «You know the roads are not very safe for a single woman to travel.”

Jeanie internally acquiesced in this observation.

«And I have a plan for you besides. One of the Duchess’s attendants, and one of mine —

your acquaintance Archibald — are going down to Inverary in a light calash, with four horses I have bought, and there is room enough in the carriage for you to go with them as far as Glasgow, where Archibald will find means of sending you safely to Edinburgh — And in the way, I beg you will teach the woman as much as you can of the mystery of cheese-making, for she is to have a charge in the dairy, and I dare swear you are as tidy about your milk-pail as about your dress."

"Does your Honour like cheese?" said Jeanie, with a gleam of conscious delight as she asked the question.

"Like it?" said the Duke, whose good-nature anticipated what was to follow, — "cakes and cheese are a dinner for an emperor, let alone a Highlandman."

"Because," said Jeanie, with modest confidence, and great and evident self-congratulation, "we have been thought so particular in making cheese, that some folk think it as gude as the real Dunlop; and if your Honour's Grace wad but accept a stane or twa, blythe, and fain, and proud it wad make us. But maybe ye may like the ewe-milk or the Buckholmside cheese better; or maybe the gait-milk, as ye come frae the Highlands — and I canna pretend just to the same skeel o' them; but my cousin Jean, that lives at

Lockermachus in Lammermuir, I could speak to her, and" —

"Quite unnecessary," said the Duke; "the Dunlop is the very cheese of which I am so fond, and I will take it as the greatest favour you can do me to send one to Caroline-Park. But remember, be on honour with it, Jeanie, and make it all yourself, for I am a real good judge."

"I am not feared," said Jeanie, confidently, "that I may please your Honour; for I am sure you look as if you could hardly find fault wi' ony body that did their best; and weel is it my part, I trow, to do mine."

This discourse introduced a topic upon which the two travellers, though so different in rank and education, found each a good deal to say. The Duke, besides his other patriotic qualities, was a distinguished agriculturist, and proud of his knowledge in that department. He entertained Jeanie with his observations on the different breeds of cattle in Scotland, and their capacity for the dairy, and received so much information from her practical experience in return, that he promised her a couple of Devonshire cows in reward of the lesson. In short, his mind was so transported back to his rural employments and amusements, that he sighed when his carriage stopped opposite to the old hackney-coach, which

Archibald had kept in attendance at the place where they had left it. While the coachman again bridled his lean cattle, which had been indulged with a bite of musty hay, the Duke cautioned Jeanie not to be too communicative to her landlady concerning what had passed. "There is," he said, "no use of speaking of matters till they are actually settled; and you may refer the good lady to Archibald, if she presses you hard with questions. She is his old acquaintance, and he knows how to manage with her."

He then took a cordial farewell of Jeanie, and told her to be ready in the ensuing week to return to Scotland — saw her safely established in her hackney-coach, and rolled off in his own carriage, humming a stanza of the ballad which he is said to have composed: —

"At the sight of Dumbarton once again,
I'll cock up my bonnet and march amain,
With my claymore hanging down to my heel,
To whang at the bannocks of barley meal."

Perhaps one ought to be actually a Scotchman to conceive how ardently, under all distinctions of rank and situation, they feel their mutual connection with each other as natives of the same country. There are, I believe, more as-

sociations common to the inhabitants of a rude and wild, than of a well cultivated and fertile country; their ancestors have more seldom changed their place of residence; their mutual recollection of remarkable objects is more accurate; the high and the low are more interested in each other's welfare; the feelings of kindred and relationship are more widely extended, and, in a word, the bonds of patriotic affection, always honourable even when a little too exclusively strained, have more influence on men's feelings and actions.

The rumbling hackney-coach which tumbled over the (then) execrable London pavement, at a rate very different from that which had conveyed the ducal carriage to Richmond, at length deposited Jeanie Deans and her attendant at the national sign of the Thistle. Mrs Glass, who had been in long and anxious expectation, now rushed, full of eager curiosity and open-mouthed interrogation, upon our heroine, who was positively unable to sustain the overwhelming cata-ract of her questions which burst forth with the sublimity of a grand gardyloo: — «Had she seen the Duke, God bless him — the Duchess — the young ladies? — Had she seen the King, God bless him — the Queen — the Prince of Wales — the Princess — or any of the rest of the royal family? — Had she got her sister's pardon? — Was it out and out — or was it only a commutation

of punishment? — How far had she gone — where had she driven to — whom had she seen — what had been said — what had kept her so long?"

Such were the various questions huddled upon each other by a curiosity so eager, that it could hardly wait for its own gratification. Jeanie would have been more than sufficiently embarrassed by this overbearing tide of interrogations, had not Archibald, who had probably received from his master a hint to that purpose, advanced to her rescue. "Mrs Glass," said Archibald, "his Grace desired me particularly to say, that he would take it as a great favour if you would ask the young woman no questions, as he wishes to explain to you more distinctly than she can do how her affairs stand, and consult you on some matters which she cannot altogether so well explain. The Duke will call at the Thistle to-morrow or next day for that purpose."

"His Grace is very condescending," said Mrs Glass, her zeal for enquiry slaked for the present by the dexterous administration of this sugar plumb — "his Grace is sensible that I am in a manner accountable for the conduct of my young kinswoman, and no doubt his Grace is the best judge how far he should entrust her or me with the management of her affairs."

“His Grace is quite sensible of that,” answered Archibald with national gravity, “and will certainly trust what he has to say to the most discreet of the two; and therefore Mrs Glass, his Grace relies you will speak nothing to Mrs Jean Deans, either of her own affairs or her sister’s, until he sees you himself. He desired me to assure you, in the mean while, that all was going on as well as your kindness could wish, Mrs Glass.”

“His Grace is very kind — very considerate, certainly, Mr Archibald — his Grace’s commands shall be obeyed, and — But you have had a far drive, Mr Archibald, as I guess by the time of your absence, and I guess” (with an engaging smile) “you winna be the waur of a glass of the right Rosa Solis.”

“I thank you, Mrs Glass,” said the great man’s great man, “but I am under the necessity of returning to my Lord directly.” And making his adieus civilly to both cousins, he left the shop of the Lady of the Thistle.”

“I am glad your affairs have prospered so well, Jeanie, my love,” said Mrs Glass; „though, indeed, there was little fear of them so soon as the Duke of Argyle was so condescending as to take them into hand. I will ask you no questions about them, because his Grace, who is most considerate and prudent in such matters,

intends to tell me all that you ken yourself, dear, and doubtless a great deal more; so that any thing that may lie heavily on your mind may be imparted to me in the meantime, as you see it is his Grace's pleasure that I should be made acquainted with the whole matter forthwith, and whether you or he tells it, will make no difference in the world, ye ken. If I ken what he is going to say beforehand, I will be much more ready to give my advice, and whether you or he tell me about it, cannot much signify after all, my dear. So you may just say whatever you like, only mind I ask you no questions about it."

Jeanie was a little embarrassed. She thought that the communication she had to make was perhaps the only means she might have in her power to gratify her friendly and hospitable kinswoman. But her prudence instantly suggested, that her secret interview with Queen Caroline of which seemed to pass under a certain sort of mystery, was not a proper subject for the gossip of a woman like Mrs Glass, of whose heart she had a much better opinion than of her prudence. She, therefore, answered in general, that the Duke had had the extraordinary kindness to make very particular enquiries into her sister's bad affair, and that he thought he had found the means of putting it a' straight again, but

that he proposed to tell all that he thought about the matter to Mrs Glass herself.

This did not quite satisfy the penetrating Mistress of the Thistle. Searching as her own small rappee, she, in spite of her promise, urged Jeanie with still further questions. "Had she been a' that time at Argyle-house? Was the Duke with her the whole time? and had she seen the Duchess? and had she seen the young ladies — and specially Lady Caroline Campbell?" — To these questions Jeanie gave the general reply, that she knew so little of the town that she could not tell exactly where she had been; that she had not seen the Duchess, to her knowledge; that she had seen two ladies, one of whom she understood bore the name of Caroline; and more, she said, she could not tell about the matter.

"It would be the Duke's eldest daughter, Lady Caroline Campbell—there is no doubt of that," said Mrs Glass; "but, doubtless, I shall know more particularly through his Grace. — And so, as the cloth is laid in the little parlour above stairs, and it is past three o'clock, for I have been waiting this hour for you, and I have had a snack myself, and, as they used to say in Scotland in my time — I do not ken if the word be used now — there is ill talking between a full body and a fasting."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

*Heaven first sent letters to some wretch's aid —
Some banished lover, or some captive maid.*

POPE.

By dint of unwonted labour with the pen, Jeanie Deans contrived to indite, and give to the charge of the postman on the ensuing day, no less than three letters, an exertion altogether strange to her habits; insomuch so, that, if milk had been plenty, she would rather have made thrice as many Dunlop cheeses. The first of them was very brief. It was addressed to George Staunton, Esq. at the Rectory, Willingham, by Grantham; the address being part of the information which she had extracted from the communicative peasant who rode before her to Stamford. It was in these words: —

SIR,

«To prevent farder mischieves, whereof there hath been enough, comes these: Sir, I have my sister's pardon from the Queen's Majesty, whereof, I do not doubt, you will be glad, having had to say naut of matters whereof you know the purport. So, sir, I pray for your better welfare in bodie and soul, and that it will please the fisycian to visit you in His good time. Alwaies, sir, I pray you will never come again to see my sister, whereof there has been too much. And so, wishing you no evil, but even your best good, that you may be turned from your iniquity, (for why suld ye die?) I rest your humble servant to command, *Ye ken wha.*»

The next letter was to her father. It is too long altogether for insertion, so we only give a few extracts. It commenced —

«Dearest and truly honoured Father,

«This comes with my duty to inform you, that it has pleased God to redeem that captivitie of my poor sister, in respect the Queen's blessed Majesty, for whom we are ever bound to pray, hath redeemed her soul from the slayer, granting the ransom of her, whilk is ane pardon or reprieve. And I spoke with the Queen face to face, and yet live; for she is not muckle differ-

ing from other grand leddies, saving that she hath a stately presence, and een like a blue huntin' hawk's, whilk gaed throu' and throu' me like a Hieland durk — And all this good was, alway under the Great Giver, to whom all are but instruments, wrought forth for us by the Duk of Argile, wha is ane native truehearted Scotsman, and not pridefu', like other folks we ken of — and likewise skeely enow in bestial, whereof he has promised to gi'e me twa Devonshire kye, of which he is enamoured, although I do still haud by the real hawkit Airshire breed — and I have promised him a cheese; and I wad wuss ye, if Gowans, the brockit cow, has a quey, that she suld suck her fill of milk, as I am given to understand he has none of that breed, and is not scornfu', but will take a thing frae a puir body, that it may lighten their heart of the loading of debt that they awe him. Also his Honour the Duke will accept ane of our Dunlop cheeses, and it shall be my faut if a better was ever yearned in Lowden." — [Here follow some observations respecting the breed of cattle, and the produce of the dairy, which it is our intention to forward to the Board of Agriculture.] — "Nevertheless, these are but matters of the after-harvest, in respect of the great good which Providence hath gifted us with — and, in especial, poor Effie's life. And O, my dear father, since

it hath pleased God to be merciful to her, let her not want your free pardon, whilk will make her meet to be ane vessel of grace, and also a comfort to your ain graie hairs. Dear father, will ye let the Laird ken that we have had friends strangely raised up to us, and that the talent whilk he lent me will be thankfully repaid. I hae some of it to the fore; and the rest of it is not knotted up in ane purse or napkin, but in ane wee bit paper, as is the fashion heir, whilk I am assured is gude for the siller. And, dear father, through Mr Butler's means I hae gude friendship with the Duke, for their had been kindness between their forbears in the auld troublesome time bye-past. And Mrs Glass has been kind like my very mother. She has a braw house here, and lives bien and warm, wi' twa servant lasses, and a man and a callant in the shop. And she is to send you down a pound of her hie-dried, and some other tobaka, and we maun think of some proprine for her, since her kindness hath been great. And the Duk is to send the pardun down by an express messenger, in respect that I canna travel sae fast; and I am to come down wi' twa of his Honour's servants — that is, John Archibald, a decent elderly gentleman, that says he has seen you lang syne, when ye were buying beasts in the west frae the Laird of Aughtermuggitie — but maybe ye

winna mind him — ony way, he's a civil man — and Mrs Dolly Dutton, that is to be dairy maid at Inverara; and they bring me on as far as Glasgo', whilk will make it nae pinch to win hame, whilk I desire of all things. May the Giver of all good things keep ye in your outgauns and incomings, whereof devoutly prayeth your loving dauter,

«JEAN DEANS.»

The third letter was to Butler, and its tenor as follows: —

«MASTER BUTLER.

«SIR, — It will be pleasure to you to ken, that all I came for is, thanks be to God, weel dune and to the gude end, and that your forbear's letter was right welcome to the Duke of Argile, and that he wrote your name down with a kylevine pen in a leathern book, whereby it seems like he will do for you either wi' a scule or a kirk; he has enow of baith, as I am assured And I have seen the Queen, which gave me a hussy-case out of her own hand. She had not her crown and skeptre, but they are laid bye for her, like the bairns' best claise, to be worn when she needs them. And they are keepit in a tour, whilk is not like the tour of Libberton, nor yet

Craigmillar, but mair like to the castell of Edinburgh, if the buildings were taen and set down in the midst of the Nor'-Loch. Also the Queen was very bounteous, giving me a paper worth fiftie pounds, as I am assured, to pay my expences here and back agen — Sae, Master Butler, as we were aye neebours bairns, forbye ony thing else that may hae been spoken between us, I trust you winna skrimp yoursell for what is needfu' for your health, since it signifies not muckle whilk o' us has the siller, if the other wants it. And mind this is no meant to haud ye to ony thing whilk ye wad rather forget, if ye suld get a charge of a kirk or a scule, as above said. Only I hope it will be a scule, and not a kirk, because of these difficulties anent aiths and patronages, whilk might gang ill doun wi' my honest father. Only if ye could compass a harmonious call frae the parish of Skreegh-me-dead, as ye anes had hope of, I trow it wad please him weel; since I hae heard him say, that the root of the matter was mair deeply hafted in that wild muirland parish than in the Canongate of Edinburgh. I wish I had whaten books ye wanted, Mr Butler, for they hae haill houses of them here, and they are obliged to set sum out in the street, whilk are sauld cheap, doubtless, to get them out of the weather. It is a muckle place, and I hae seen sae muckle of

it, that my poor head turns round — And ye ken langsyne I am nae great pen-woman — and it is near eleven o'clock o' the night. I am cumming down in good company, and safe — and I had troubles in gaun up, whilk makes me blyther of travelling wi' kend folk. My cousin, Mrs Glass, has a braw house here, but a' thing is sae poisoned wi' snuff, that I am like to be scomfished whiles. But what signifies these things in comparison of the great deliverance whilk has been vouchsafed to my father's house, in whilk you, as our auld and dear well-wisher, will, I dout not, rejoice and be exceedingly glad. And I am, dear Mr Butler, your sincere well-wisher in temporal and eternal things,

“J. D.”

After these labours of an unwonted kind, Jeanie retired to her bed, yet scarce could sleep a few minutes together, so often was she awakened by the heart-stirring consciousness of her sister's safety, and so powerfully urged to deposit her burthen of joy, where she had before laid her doubts and sorrows, in the warm and sincere exercises of devotion.

All the next, and all the succeeding day, Mrs Glass fidgetted about her shop in the agony of expectation, like a pea (to use a vulgar simile which her profession renders appropriate) upon

one of her own tobacco-pipes. With the third morning came the expected coach, with four servants clustered behind on the foot-board, in dark-brown and yellow liveries; the Duke in person, with laced coat, gold-headed cane, star and garter, all, as the story-book says, very grand.

He enquired for his little countrywoman at Mrs Glass, but without requesting to see her, probably because he was unwilling to give an appearance of personal intercourse betwixt them, which scandal might have misinterpreted. "The Queen," he said to Mrs Glass; "had taken the case of her kinswoman into her gracious consideration, and being specially moved by the affectionate and resolute character of the elder sister, had condescended to use her powerful intercession with his Majesty, in consequence of which a pardon had been dispatched to Scotland to Effie Deans, on condition of her banishing herself forth of Scotland for fourteen years. The king's advocate had insisted," he said, "upon this qualification of the pardon, having pointed out to his Majesty's ministers, that, within the course of only seven years, twenty-one instances of child-murder had occurred in Scotland."

"Weary on him!" said Mrs Glass, "what for needed he to have telled that of his ain country, and to the English folk abune a'? I

used aye to think the advocate a douce decent man, but it is an ill bird — begging your Grace's pardon for speaking of such a coorse bye-word. And then what is the poor lassie to do in a foreign land? — Why, waes me, it's just sending her to play the same pranks ower again, out of sight or guidance of her friends."

"Pooh! pooh!" said the Duke, "that need not be anticipated. Why, she may come up to London, or she may go over to America, and marry well for all that is come and gone."

"In troth, and so she may, as your Grace is pleased to intimate," replied Mrs Glass; "and now I think upon it, there is my old correspondent in Virginia, Ephraim Buckskin, that has supplied the Thistle this forty years with tobacco, and it is not a little that serves our turn, and he has been writing to me this ten years to send him out a wife. The carle is not above sixty, and hale and hearty, and well to pass in the world, and a line from my hand would settle the matter, and Effie Deans's misfortune (forbye that there is no special occasion to speak about it) would be thought little of there."

"Is she a pretty girl?" said the Duke, "her sister does not get beyond a good comely sonsy lass."

"Oh, far prettier is Effie than Jeanie," said Mrs Glass; "though it is long since I saw her

myself, but I hear of the Deanses by all my Lowden friends when they come — your Grace kens we Scots are clannish bodies.”

“So much the better for us,” said the Duke, “and the worse for those who meddle with us, as your good old fashioned Scots sign says, Mrs Glass. And now I hope you will approve of the measures I have taken for restoring your kinswoman to her friends.” These he detailed at length, and Mrs Glass gave her unqualified approbation, with a smile and a curtsy at every sentence. “And now, Mrs Glass, you must tell Jeanie, I hope she will not forget my cheese when she gets down to Scotland. Archibald has my orders to arrange all her expences.”

“Begging your Grace’s humble pardon,” said Mrs Glass, “it’s a pity to trouble yourself about them; the Deanses are wealthy people in their way, and the lass has money in her pocket.”

“That’s all very true,” said the Duke; “but you know where MacCallummore travels he pays all, it is our Highland privilege to take from all what *we* want, and to give to all what *they* want.”

“Your Grace’s better at giving than taking,” said Mrs Glass.

“To show you the contrary,” said the Duke, “I will fill my box out of this cannister without paying you a bawbee;” and again desiring to be

remembered to Jeanie, with his good wishes for her safe journey, he departed, leaving Mrs Glass uplifted in heart and in countenance, the proudest and happiest of tobacco and snuff dealers.

Reflectively, his Grace's good-humour and affability had a favourable effect upon Jeanie's situation. Her kinswoman, though civil and kind to her, had acquired too much of London breeding to be perfectly satisfied with her cousin's rustic and national dress, and was, besides, something scandalized at the cause of her journey to London. Mrs Glass might, therefore, have been less sedulous in her attentions towards Jeanie, but for the interest which the foremost of the Scottish nobles (for such, in all men's estimation, was the Duke of Argyle) seemed to take in her fate. Now, however, as a kinswoman whose virtues and domestic affections had attracted the notice and approbation of royalty itself, Jeanie stood to her relative in a light very different and much more favourable, and was not only treated with kindness, but with actual observance and respect.

It depended upon herself alone to have made as many visits, and seen as many sights, as lay within Mrs Glass's power to compass. But, excepting that she dined abroad with one or two "far-away kinsfolk," and that she paid the same

respect, on Mrs Glass's strong urgency, to Mrs Deputy Dabby, wife of the Worshipful Mr Deputy Dabby, of Farringdon Without, she did not avail herself of the opportunity. As Mrs Dabby was the second lady of great rank whom Jeanie had seen in London, she used sometimes afterwards to draw a parallel betwixt her and the Queen, in which she observed, that "Mrs Dabby was dressed twice as grand, and was twice as big, and spoke twice as loud, and twice as muckle, as the Queen did, but she hadna the same goss-hawk glance that makes the skin creep, and the knee bend; and though she had very kindly gifted her with a loaf of sugar and twa pundts of tea, yet she hadna a'thegether the sweet look that the Queen had when she put the needle book into her hand."

Jeanie might have enjoyed the sights and novelties of this great city more, had it not been for the qualification added to her sister's pardon, which greatly grieved her affectionate disposition. On this subject, however, her mind was somewhat relieved by a letter which she received in return of post, in answer to that which she had written to her father. With his affectionate blessing, it brought his full approbation of the step which she had taken, as one inspired by the immediate dictates of Heaven, and which she had been thrust upon in order that she

might become the means of safety to a perishing household.

«If ever a deliverance was dear and precious, this,” said the letter, «is a dear and precious deliverance — and if life saved can be made more sweet and savoury, it is when it cometh by the hands of those whom we hold in the ties of affection. And do not let your heart be disquieted within you, that this victim, who is rescued from the horns of the altar, where until she was fast bound by the chains of human law, is now to be driven beyond the bounds of our land. Scotland is a blessed land to those who love the ordinances of Christianity, and it is a faer land to look upon, and dear to them who have dwelt in it a’ their days; and weel said that judicious Christian, worthy John Livingstone, a sailor in Borrowstouness, as the famous Patrick Walker reporteth his words, that howbeit he thought Scotland was a Gehennah of wickedness when he was at home, yet, when he was abroad, he accounted it ane paradise; for the evils of Scotland he found every where, and the good of Scotland he found no where. But we are to hold in remembrance that Scotland, though it be our native land, and the land of our fathers, is not like Goshen, in Egypt, on whilk the sun of the heavens and of the gospel shineth allenarly, and leaveth the rest of the

world in utter darkness, Therefore, and also because this increase of profit at Saint Leonard's Crag may be a cauld waff of wind blawing from the frozen land of earthly-self, where never plant of grace took root or grew, and because my concerns make me take something ower muckle a grip of the gear of the world in mine arms, I receive this dispensation anent Effie as a call to depart out of Haran, as righteous Abraham of old, and leave my father's kindred and my mother's house, and the ashes and mould of them who have gone to sleep before me, and which wait to be mingled with these auld crazed bones of mine own. And my heart is lightened to do this, when I call to mind the decay of active and earnest religion in this land, and survey the height and the depth, the length and the breadth of national defections, and how the love of many is waxing lukewarm and cold; and I am strengthened in this resolution to change my domicile, likewise, as I hear that store-farms are to be set at an easy mail in Northumberland, where there are many precious souls that are of our true, though suffering persuasion. And sic part of the kye or stock as I judge it fit to keep, may be driven thither without incommodity — say about Wooler, or that gate — keeping aye a shouther to the hills, and the rest may be sauld to gude profit and advantage, if we had grace

weel to use and guide these gifts of the warld. The laird has been a true friend on our unhappy occasions, and I have paid him back the siller for Effie's misfortune, whereof Mr Nichel Novit returned him no balance, as the Laird and I did expect he wad hae done. But law licks up a', as the common folks say. — I have had the siller to borrow out of sax purses. Mr Saddletree advised to give the Laird of Lounsbeck a charge on his band for a thousand merks. But I hae nae broo' of charges, since that awfu' morning that a tout of a horn, at the cross of Edinburgh, blew half the faithfu' ministers of Scotland out of their pulpits. — However, I sall raise an adjudication, whilk Mr Saddletree says comes instead of the auld apprisings, and will not lose weel-won gear with the like of him if it may be helped. As for the Queen, and the credit that she hath done to a poor man's daughter, and the mercy and the grace ye found with her, I can only pray for her weel-being here and hereafter, for the establishment of her house now and for ever, upon the throne of these kingdoms. I doubt not but what you told her Majesty, that I was the same David Deans of whom there was a sport at the Revolution when I noited thegither the heads of twa false prophets, these ungracious Graces the prelates, as they stood on the Hie Street, after being expelled from the

Convention-parliament. The Duke of Argyle is a noble and true-hearted nobleman, who pleads the cause of the poor, and those who have none to help them; verily his reward shall not be lacking unto him. I have been writing of many things, but not of that whilk lies nearest mine heart. I have seen the misguided thing; she will be at freedom the morn, on enacted caution that she shall leave Scotland in four weeks. Her mind is in an evil frame, — casting her eye backward on Egypt, I doubt, as if the bitter waters of the wilderness were harder to endure than the brick furnaces, by the side of which there were savoury flesh-pots. I need not bid you make haste down, for you are, excepting always my Great Master, my only comfort in these straights. I charge you to withdraw your feet from the delusion of that Vanity-fair in whilk ye are a sojourner, and not to go to their worship, whilk is an ill mumbled mass, as it was weel termed by James the Sext, though he afterwards, with his unhappy son, strove to bring it ower back and belly into his native kingdom, wherethrough their race have been cut off as foam upon the water, and shall be as wanderers among the nations — see the prophecies of Hosea, ninth and seventeenth, and the same, tenth and seventh. But us and our house, let us say with the same prophet; «Let us return to the Lord, for he

hath torn and he will heal us — He hath smitten, and he will bind us up.”

He proceeded to say, that he approved of her proposed mode of returning by Glasgow, and entered into sundry minute particulars not necessary to be quoted. A single line in the letter, but not the least frequently read by the party to whom it was addressed, intimated, that “Reuben Butler had been as a son to him in his sorrows.” As David Deans scarce ever mentioned Butler before, without some gibe, more or less direct, either at his carnal gifts and learning, or at his grandfather’s heresy, Jeanie drew a good omen from no such qualifying clause being added to this sentence respecting him.

A lover’s hope resembles the bean in the nursery tale, — let it once take root, and it will grow so rapidly, that in the course of a few hours the giant Imagination builds a castle on the top, and by and bye comes Disappointment with the “curtal axe,” and hews down both the plant and the superstructure. Jeanie’s fancy, though not the most powerful of her faculties, was lively enough to transport her to a wild farm in Northumberland, well stocked with milk-cows, yield beasts and sheep; a meeting-house hard by, frequented by serious presbyterians, who had united in a harmonious call to Reuben Butler to be their spiritual guide; — Effie restored, not

to gaiety, but to cheerfulness at least; — their father, with his grey hairs smoothed down, and spectacles on his nose; — herself, with the maiden snood exchanged for a matron's curch — all arranged in a pew in the said meeting-house, listening to words of devotion, rendered sweeter and more powerful by the affectionate ties which combined them with the preacher. She cherished such visions from day to day, until her residence in London began to become unsupportable and tedious to her, and it was with no ordinary satisfaction that she received a summons from Argyll-house, requiring her in two days to be prepared to join their northward party.

CHAPTER XL.

*One was a female, who had grievous ill
Wrought in revenge, and she enjoyed it still;
Sullen she was, and threatening; in her eye
Glared the stern triumph that she dared to die.*

CRABBE.

THE summons of preparation arrived after Jeanie Deans had resided in the metropolis about three weeks.

On the morning appointed she took a grateful farewell of Mrs Glass, as that good woman's attention to her particularly required, placed herself and her moveable goods, which purchases and presents had greatly increased, in a hackney-coach, and joined her travelling companions in the housekeeper's apartment at Argyle-house.

While the carriage was getting ready, she was informed that the Duke wished to speak with her; and being ushered into a splendid saloon, she was surprised to find that he wished to present her to his lady and daughters.

“I bring you my little countrywoman, Duchess,” these were the words of the introduction; “With an army of young fellows, as gallant and steady as she is, and a good cause, I would not fear two to one.”

“Ah, papa!” said a lively young lady, about twelve years old, “remember you were full one to two at Sheriff-muir, and yet,” (singing the wellknown ballad) —

“Some say that we wan, and some say that
they wan,

And some say that nane wan at a', man;
But of ae thing I'm sure, that on Sheriff-muir
A battle there was that I saw, man.”

“What, little Mary turned Tory on my hands? — This will be fine news for our countrywoman to carry down to Scotland!”

“We may all turn tories for the thanks we have gotten for remaining whigs,” said the second young lady.

“Well, hold your peace, you discontented

monkies, and go dress your babies; and as for the Bob of Dumblane,

«If it wasna weel bobbie, weel bobbie, weel bobbie,

If it wasna weel bobbie, we'll bobbie it again.»

«Papa's wit is running low,” said Lady Mary; «the poor gentleman is repeating himself — he sang that on the field of battle, when he was told the Highlanders had cut his left wing to pieces with their claymores.»

A pull by the hair was the repartee to this sally.

«Ah! brave Highlanders and bright claymores,” said the Duke, «well do I wish them, for a' the ill they hae done me yet,” as the song goes. — But come, madcaps, say a civil word to your country-woman. — I wish ye had half her canny hamely sense; I think you may be as leal and true-hearted.»

The Duchess advanced, and, in few words, in which there was as much kindness as civility, assured Jeanie of the respect which she had for a character so affectionate, and yet so firm, and added, «When you get home, you will perhaps hear from me.»

«And from me.» «And from me.» «And from me, Jeanie,” added the young ladies one

after the other, «for you are a credit to the land we love so well.»

Jeanie, overpowered with these unexpected compliments, and not aware that the Duke's investigation had made him acquainted with her behaviour on her sister's trial, could only answer by blushing, and curtseying round and around, and uttering at intervals, «Mony thanks! mony thanks!»

«Jeanie,» said the Duke, «you must have *doch an' dorroch*, or you will be unable to travel.»

There was a salver with cake and wine on the table. He took up a glass, drank «to all true hearts that lo'ed Scotland,» and offered a glass to his guest.

Jeanie, however, declined it, saying, «that she had never tasted wine in her life.»

«How comes that, Jeanie?» said the Duke, — «wine maketh glad the heart, you know.»

«Ay, sir, but my father is like Jonadab the son of Rechab, who charged his children that they should drink no wine.»

«I thought your father would have had more sense,» said the Duke, «unless, indeed, he prefers brandy. But, however, Jeanie, if you will not drink, you must eat, to save the character of my house.»

He thrust upon her a large piece of cake, nor would he permit her to break off a fragment,

and lay the rest on the salver. "Put it in your pouch, Jeanie," said he; "you will be glad of it before you see St Giles's steeple. I wish to heaven I were to see it as soon as you! and so my best service to all my friends at and about Auld Reekie, and a blithe journey to you."

And, mixing the frankness of a soldier with his natural affability, he shook hands with his protégée and committed her to the charge of Archibald, satisfied that he had provided sufficiently for her being attended to by his domestics, from the unusual attention with which he had himself treated her.

Accordingly, in the course of her journey, she found both her companions disposed to pay her every possible attention, so that her return, in point of ease and safety, formed a strong contrast to her journey to London.

Her heart also was disburthened of the weight of grief, shame, apprehension, and fear, which had loaded her before her interview with the Queen at Richmond. But the human mind is so strangely capricious, that, when freed from the pressure of real misery, it becomes open and sensitive to the apprehension of ideal calamities. She was now much disturbed in mind, that she had heard nothing from Reuben Butler, to whom the operation of writing was so much more familiar than it was to herself.

“It would have cost him sae little fash,” she said to herself; “for I hae seen his pen gang as fast ower the paper, as ever it did ower the water when it was in the grey goose’s wing. Waes me! maybe he may be badly — but then my father wad likely hae said something about it — Or maybe he may hae ta’en the rue, and kens na how to let me wot of his change of mind. He needna be at muckle fash about it,” — she went on, drawing herself up, though the tear of honest pride and injured affection gathered in her eye, as she entertained the suspicion, — “Jeanie Deans is no the lass to pu’ him by the sleeve, or put him in mind of what he wishes to forget. I shall wish him weel and happy a’ the same; and if he has the luck to get a kirk in our country, I sall gang and hear him just the very same, to show that I bear nae malice.” And as she imagined the scene, the tear stole over her eye,

In these melancholy reveries, Jeanie had full time to indulge herself; for her travelling companions, servants in a distinguished and fashionable family, had, of course, many topics of conversation, in which it was absolutely impossible she could have either pleasure or portion. She had, therefore, abundant leisure for reflection, and even for self tormenting, during the several days which, indulging the young horses which

the Duke was sending down to the North with sufficient ease and short stages, they occupied in reaching the vicinity of Carlisle.

In approaching the vicinity of that ancient city, they discerned a considerable crowd upon an eminence at a little distance from the high road, and learned from some passengers who were gathering towards that busy scene from the southward, that the cause of the concourse was, the laudable public desire «to see a domned Scotch witch and thief get half of her due upo' Haribee-broo' yonder, for she was only to be hanged, she should hae been boorned aloive, an' cheap on't.»

«Dear Mr Archibald,» said the dame of the dairy elect, «I never seed a woman hanged in a' my life, and only four men, as made a goodly spectacle.»

Mr Archibald, however, was a Scotchman, and promised himself no exuberant pleasure in seeing his countrywoman undergo «the terrible behests of law.» Moreover, he was a man of sense and delicacy in his way, and the late circumstances of Jeanie's family, with the cause of her expedition to London, were not unknown to him, so that he answered drily, it was impossible to stop, as he must be early at Carlisle on some business of the Duke's, and he accordingly bid the postilions get on.

The road at that time passed at about a quarter of a mile's distance from the eminence, called Haribee or Harabee brow, which, though it is very moderate in size and height, is nevertheless seen from a great distance around, owing to the flatness of the country through which the Eden flows. Here many an outlaw, and border-rider of both kingdoms, had wavered in the wind during the wars, and scarce less hostile truces between the two countries. Upon Harabee, in latter days, other executions had taken place with as little ceremony as compassion; for these frontier provinces remained long unsettled, and, even at the time of which we write, were ruder than those in the centre of England.

The postilions drove on, wheeling, as the Penrith road led them, round the verge of the rising ground. Yet still the eyes of Mrs Dolly Dutton, which, with the head and substantial person to which they belonged, were all turned towards the scene of action, could discern plainly the outline of the gallows-tree, relieved against the clear sky, the dark shade formed by the persons of the executioner and the criminal upon the light rounds of the tall aërial ladder, until one of the objects, launched into the air, gave unequivocal signs of mortal agony, though appearing in the distance not larger than a spider dependant at the extremity of his invisible thread

while the remaining form descended from its elevated situation, and regained with all speed an undistinguished place among the crowd. This termination of the tragic scene drew forth of course a squall from Mrs Dutton, and Jeanie, with instinctive curiosity, turned her head in the same direction.

The sight of a female culprit in the act of undergoing the fatal punishment from which her beloved sister had been so recently rescued, was too much, not perhaps for her nerves, but for her mind and feelings. She turned her head to the other side of the carriage, with a sensation of sickness, of loathing, and of fainting. Her female companion overwhelmed her with questions, with proffers of assistance, with requests that the carriage might be stopped — that a doctor might be fetched — that drops might be gotten — that burnt feathers and assafoetida, fair water, and hartshorn, might be procured, all at once, and without one instant's delay. Archibald, more calm and considerate, only desired the carriage to push forward, and it was not till they had got beyond sight of the fatal spectacle, that, seeing the deadly paleness of Jeanie's countenance, he stopped the carriage, and jumping out himself, went in search of the most obvious and most easily procured of Mrs Dutton's pharmacopoeia — a draught, namely, of fresh water.

While Archibald was absent on this good-natured piece of service, damming the ditches which produced nothing but mud, and thinking upon the thousand bubbling springlets of his own mountains, the attendants on the execution began to pass the stationary vehicle in their way back to Carlisle.

From their half-heard and half-understood words, Jeanie, whose attention was involuntarily rivetted by them, as that of children is by ghost stories, though they know the pain with which they will afterwards remember them, Jeanie, I say, could discern that the present victim of the law had died *game*, as it is termed by those unfortunates, that is, sullen, reckless, and impenitent, neither fearing God nor regarding man.

“A sture woife, and a dour,” said one Cumbrian peasant, as he clattered by in his wooden brogues, with a noise like the trampling of a drayhorse.

“She has gone to ho master, with ho’s name in her mouth,” said another; “Shame the country should be harried wi’ Scotch witches and Scotch bitches this gate — but I say hang and drown.”

“Ay, ay, Gaffer Tramp, take awa’ yealdon, take awa’ low — hang the witch, and there will

be less scathe amang us; myne owsen hae been reckon this twomont."

"And mine bairns hae been crining too, mon," replied his neighbour.

"Silence wi' your fule tongues, ye churles," said an old woman, who hobbled past them, as they stood talking near the carriage; "this was nae witch, but a bluidy fingered thief and murderess."

"Ay? was it e'en sae, Dame Hinchup?" said one in a civil tone, and stepping out of his place to let the old woman pass along the footpath—"Nay, you know best, sure—but at ony rate, we hae but tint a Scot of her, and that's a thing better lost than found."

The old woman passed on without making any answer.

"Ay, ay, neighbour," said Gaffer Tramp, "seest thou how one witch will speek for t'other?—Scots or English, the same to them."

His companion shook his head, and replied in the same subdued tone, "Ay, ay, when a Sark-foot wife gets on her broomstick, the dames of Allonby are ready to mount, just as sure as the bye-word gangs o' the hills,

If Skiddaw hath a cap,
Criffel wots full weel of that.

“But,” continued Gaffer Tramp, “thinkest thou the daughter o’ yon hangit body isna as rank a witch as ho?”

“I kenna clearly,” returned the fellow, “but the folk are speaking o’ swimming her i’ the Eden.” And they passed on their several roads, after wishing each other good morning.

Just as the clowns left the place, and as Mr Archibald returned with some fair water, a crowd of boys and girls, and some of the lower rabble of more mature age, came up from the place of execution, grouping themselves with many a yell of delight around a tall female fantastically dressed, who was dancing, leaping, and bounding in the midst of them. A horrible recollection pressed on Jeanie as she looked on this unfortunate creature, and the reminiscence was mutual, for by a sudden exertion of great strength and agility, Madge Wildfire broke out of the noisy circle of tormentors who surrounded her, and clinging fast to the door of the calash, uttered, in a sound betwixt laughter and screaming. “Eh, d’ye ken, Jeanie Deans, they hae hangit our mother?” Then suddenly changing her tone to that of the most piteous entreaty, she added, “O gar them let me gang to cut her down! — let me but cut her down! — she is my mother, if she was waur than the de’il, and she’ll be nae mair kenspeckle than half-hangit Maggie Dickson, that cried saut

mony a day after she had been hangit; her voice was roupit and hoarse, and her neek was a wee agee, or ye wad hae kend nae odds on her frae ony other saut-wife."

Mr Archibald, embarrassed by the mad-woman's clinging to the carriage, and detaining around them her noisy and mischievous attendants, was all this while looking out for a constable or beadle, to whom he might commit the unfortunate creature. But seeing no such person of authority, he endeavoured to loosen her hold from the carriage, that they might escape from her by driving on. This, however, could hardly be achieved without some degree of violence; Madge held fast, and renewed her frantic entreaties to be permitted to cut down her mother. "It was but a tenpenny tow lost," she said, "and what was that to a woman's life?" There came up, however, a parcel of savage-looking fellows, butchers and graziers chiefly, among whose cattle there had been of late a very general and fatal distemper, which their wisdom imputed to witchcraft. They laid violent hands on Madge, and tore her from the carriage, exclaiming — "What, doest stop folk o' king's highway? Hast no done mischief enow already, wi' thy murders and thy witcherings?"

"Oh Jeanie Deans — Jeanie Deans!" exclaimed the poor maniac, "save my mother, and I will

take ye to the Interpreter's house again, — and I will teach ye a my bonny sangs, — and I will tell ye what came o' the — — “The rest of her entreaties were drowned in the shouts of the rabble.

“Save her, for God's sake! — save her from those people!” exclaimed Jeanie to Archibald.

“She is mad, but quite innocent; she is mad, gentlemen,” said Archibald; “do not use her ill, take her before the Mayor.”

“Ay, ay, we'se hae care enow on her,” answered one of the fellows; “gang thou thy gate, man, and mind thine own matters.”

“He's a Scot by his tongue,” said another; “and an' he will come out o' his whirligig there, I'se gie him his tartan plaid fu' o' broken banes.”

It was clear nothing could be done to rescue Madge, and Archibald, who was a man of humanity, could only bid the postilions hurry on to Carlisle, that he might obtain some assistance to the unfortunate woman. As they drove off, they heard the hoarse roar with which the mob preface acts of riot or cruelty, yet even above that deep and dire note, they could discern the screams of the unfortunate victim. They were soon out of hearing of the cries, but had no sooner entered the streets of Carlisle, than Archibald, at Jeanie's earnest and urgent entreaty, went to a magistrate, to state the cruelty which

was likely to be exercised on this unhappy creature.

In about an hour and a half he returned and reported to Jeanie, that the magistrate had very readily gone in person, with some assistants, to the rescue of the unfortunate woman, and that he had himself accompanied him; that when they came to the muddy pool, in which the mob were ducking her, according to their favourite mode of punishment, the magistrate succeeded in rescuing her from their hands, but in a state of insensibility, owing to the cruel treatment which she had received. He added, that he had seen her carried to the work-house, and understood that she had been brought to herself, and was expected to do well.

This last averment was a slight alteration in point of fact, for Madge Wildfire was not expected to survive the treatment she had received; but Jeanie seemed so much agitated, that Mr Archibald did not think it prudent to tell her the worst at once. Indeed, she appeared so fluttered and disordered by this alarming accident, that, although it had been their intention to proceed to Longtown that evening, her companions judged it most advisable to pass the night at Carlisle.

This was particularly agreeable to Jeanie, who resolved, if possible, to procure an interview

with Madge Wildfire. Connecting some of her wild flights with the narrative of George Staunton, she was unwilling to omit the opportunity of extracting from her, if possible, some information concerning the fate of that unfortunate infant which had cost her sister so dear. Her acquaintance with the disordered state of poor Madge's mind did not permit her to cherish much hope that she could acquire from her any useful intelligence; but then, since Madge's mother had suffered her deserts, and was silent for ever, it was her only chance of obtaining any kind of information, and she was loth to lose the opportunity.

She coloured her wish to Mr Archibald by saying, that she had seen Madge formerly, and wished to know, as a matter of humanity, how she was attended to under her present misfortunes. That complaisant person immediately went to the work-house, or hospital, in which he had seen the sufferer lodged, and brought back for reply, that the medical attendants positively forbade her seeing any one. When the application for admittance was repeated next day, Mr Archibald was informed that she had been very quiet and composed, insomuch that the clergyman, who acted as chaplain to the establishment, thought it expedient to read prayers beside her bed, but that her wandering

fit of mind had returned soon after his departure; however, her countrywoman might see her if she chose it. She was not expected to live above an hour or two.

Jeanie had no sooner received this information, than she hastened to the hospital, her companions attending her. They found the dying person in a large ward, where there were ten beds, of which the patient's was the only one occupied.

Madge was singing when they entered — singing her own wild snatches of songs and obsolete airs, with a voice no longer overstrained by false spirits, but softened, saddened, and subdued by bodily exhaustion. She was still insane, but was no longer able to express her wandering ideas in the wild notes of her former state of exalted imagination. There was death in the plaintive tones of her voice, which yet, in this moderated and melancholy mood, had something of the lulling sound with which a mother sings her infant asleep. As Jeanie entered, she heard first the air, and then a part of the chorus and words of what had been, perhaps, the song of a jolly harvest-home.

“Our work is over — over now,
The goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long wain wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.

“The night comes on when sets the sun,
 And labour ends when day is done.
 When Autumn's gone and Winter's come,
 We hold our jovial harvest-home.”

Jeanie advanced to the bed-side when the strain was finished, and addressed Madge by her name. But it produced no symptoms of recollection. On the contrary, the patient, like one provoked by interruption, changed her posture, and called out, with an impatient tone, “Nurse — nurse, turn my face to the wa', that I may never answer to that name ony mair, and never see mair of a wicked world.”

The attendant on the hospital arranged her in her bed as she desired, with her face to the wall, and her back to the light. So soon as she was quiet in this new position, she began again to sing in the same low and modulated strains, as if she was recovering the state of abstraction which the interruption of her visitants had disturbed. The strain, however, was different, and rather resembled the music of the Methodist hymns, though the measure of the song was similar to that of the former.

“When the fight of grace is fought, —
 When the marriage vest is wrought, —
 When Faith hath chased cold Doubt away,
 And Hope but sickens at delay, —

When Charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere,
Doff thy robes of sin and clay;
Christian, rise, and come away."

The strain was solemn and affecting, sustained as it was by the pathetic warble of a voice which had naturally been a fine one, and which weakness, if it diminished its power, had improved in softness. Archibald, though a follower of the court, and therefore a poco-curante by profession, was confused, if not affected, the dairy-maid blubbered; and Jeanie felt the tears rise spontaneously to her eyes. Even the nurse, accustomed to all modes in which the spirit can pass, seemed considerably affected.

The patient was evidently growing weaker, as was intimated by an apparent difficulty of breathing, which seized her from time to time, and by the utterance of low listless moans, intimating that nature was succumbing in the last conflict. But the spirit of melody, which must originally have so strongly possessed this unfortunate young woman, seemed, at every interval of ease, to triumph over her pain and weakness. And it was remarkable, that there could always be traced in her songs something appropriate, though perhaps only obliquely or collaterally so

to her present situation. Her next seemed to be the fragment of some old ballad:

«Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep of sorrow;
But thine sall be as sad and cauld,
My fause true-love! to - morrow.

«And weep ye not, my maidens free,
Though death your mistress borrow;
For he for whom I die to - day,
Shall die for me to - morrow.»

Again she changed the tune to one wilder, less monotonous, and less regular. But of the words only a fragment or two could be collected by those who listened to this singular scene.

«Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

«Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me? —
, When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.»

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“, Who makes the bridal bed,
 Birdie, say truly?
 , The grey-headed sexton
 That delves the grave duly.”

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“ The glow - worm o’er grave and stone
 Shall light thee steady;
 The owl from the steeple sing,
 , Welcome, proud lady.”

Her voice died away with the last notes, and she fell into a slumber, from which the experienced attendant assured them, that she would never awake at all, or only in the death agony.

Her first prophecy was true. The poor maniac parted with existence, without again uttering a sound of any kind. But our travellers did not witness this catastrophe. They left the hospital so soon as Jeanie had satisfied herself that no elucidation of her sister’s misfortunes was to be hoped from the dying person.

CHAPTER XLI.

*Wilt thou go on with me?
The moon is bright, the sea is calm,
And I know well the ocean-paths . . .
Thou wilt go on with me.*

Thalaba.

THE fatigue and agitation of these various scenes had agitated Jeanie so much, notwithstanding her robust strength of constitution, that Archibald judged it necessary that she should have a day's repose at the village of Longtown. It was in vain that Jeanie herself protested against any delay. The Duke of Argyle's man of confidence was of course consequential; and as he had been bred to the medical profession in his youth (at least he used this expression to describe his having, thirty years before, pounded for six months in the mortar of old Mungo Mangelman, the

surgeon at Greenock,) he was obstinate whenever a matter of health was in question.

In this case he discovered febrile symptoms, and having once made a happy application of that learned phrase to Jeanie's case, all farther resistance became in vain; and she was glad to acquiesce, and even to go to bed, and drink water-gruel, in order that she might possess her soul in quiet, and without interruption.

Mr Archibald was equally attentive in another particular. He observed that the execution of the old woman, and the miserable fate of her daughter, seemed to have made a more powerful effect upon Jeanie's mind, than the usual feelings of humanity might naturally have been expected to occasion. Yet she was obviously a strong-minded, sensible young woman, and in no respect subject to nervous affections; and therefore Archibald, being ignorant of any special connection between his master's protégée and these unfortunate persons, excepting that she had seen Madge formerly in Scotland, naturally imputed the strong impression these events had made upon her, to her associating them with the unhappy circumstances in which her sister had so lately stood. He became anxious, therefore, to prevent any thing occurring which might recal these associations to Jeanie's mind.

Archibald had speedily an opportunity of

exercising this precaution. A pedlar brought to Longtown that evening, amongst other wares, a large broadside-sheet, giving an account of the "Last Speech and Execution of Margaret Murdockson, and of the barbarous Murder of her Daughter, Magdalene or Madge Murdockson, called Madge Wildfire; and of her pious Conversation with his Reverence Archdeacon Fleming," which authentic publication had apparently taken place on the day they left Carlisle, and being an article of a nature peculiarly acceptable to such country-folks as were within hearing of the transaction, the itinerant bibliopolist had forthwith added them to his stock in trade. He found a merchant sooner than he expected; for Archibald, much applauding his own prudence, purchased the whole lot for two shillings and ninepence; and the pedlar, delighted with the profit of such a wholesale transaction, instantly returned to Carlisle to supply himself with more.

The considerate Mr Archibald was about to commit his whole purchase to the flames, but it was rescued by the yet more considerate dairy-damsel, who said, very prudently, it was a pity to waste so much paper, which might crêpe hair, pin up bonnets, and serve many other useful purposes; and who promised to put the parcel into her own trunk, and keep it carefully

out of the sight of Mrs Jeanie Deans: "Though, by the bye, she had no great notion of folks being so very nice. Mrs Deans might have had enough to think about the gallows all this time to endure a sight of it, without all this to do about it."

Archibald reminded the dame of the dairy of the Duke's very particular charge, that they should be attentive and civil to Jeanie; as also they were to part company soon; and consequently would not be doomed to observing any one's health or temper during the rest of the journey. With which answer Mrs Dolly Dutton was obliged to hold herself satisfied.

On the morning they resumed their journey, and prosecuted it successfully, travelling through Dumfries-shire and part of Lanarkshire, until they arrived at the small town of Rutherglen, within about four miles of Glasgow. Here an express brought letters to Archibald from the principal agent of the Duke of Argyle in Edinburgh.

He said nothing of their contents that evening; but when they were seated in the carriage the next day, the faithful squire informed Jeanie, that he had received directions from the Duke's factor, to whom his Grace had recommended him to carry her, if she had no objection, for a stage or two beyond Glasgow. Some temporary causes

of discontent had occasioned tumults in that city and the neighbourhood, which would render it unadvisable for Mrs Jeanie Deans to travel alone and unprotected betwixt that city and Edinburgh, whereas by going forward a little farther, they would meet one of his Grace's subfactors, who was coming down from the Highlands to Edinburgh with his wife, and under whose charge she might journey with comfort and in safety.

Jeanie remonstrated against this arrangement. "She had been lang," she said, "frae hame — her father and her sister behoved to be very anxious to see her — there were other friends she had that werena weel in health. She was willing to pay for man and horse at Glasgow, and surely naebody wad middle wi' sae harmless and feckless a creature as she was. — She was muckle obliged by the offer; but never hunted deer langed for its resting-place as I do to find myself at Saint Leonard's."

The groom of the chambers exchanged a look with his female companion, which seemed so full of meaning, that Jeanie screamed aloud — "O Mr Archibald — Mrs Dutton, if ye ken of ony thing that has happened at Saint Leonard's, for God's sake — for pity's sake, tell me, and dinna keep me in suspense!"

“I really know nothing, Mrs Deans,” said the groom of the chamber.

“And I — I — I am sure, I knows as little,” said the dame of the dairy, while some communication seemed to tremble on her lips, which, at a glance of Archibald’s eye, she appeared to swallow down, and compressed her lips thereafter into a state of extreme and vigilant firmness; as if she had been afraid of its bolting out before she was aware.

Jeanie saw that there was to be something concealed from her, and it was only the repeated assurances of Archibald that her father — her sister — all her friends were, as far as he knew, well and happy, that at all pacified her alarm. From such respectable people as those with whom she travelled she could apprehend no harm, and yet her distress was so obvious, that Archibald, as a last resource, pulled out, and put into her hand, a slip of paper, on which these words were written: —

“JEANIE DEANS — You will do me a favour by going with Archibald and my female domestic a day’s journey beyond Glasgow, and asking them no questions, which will greatly oblige your friend,

“ARGYLE AND GREENWHICH.”

Although this laconic epistle, from a nobleman to whom she was bound by such inestimable obligations, silenced all Jeanie's objections to the proposed route, it rather added to than diminished the eagerness of her curiosity. The proceeding to Glasgow seemed now no longer to be an object with her fellow travellers. On the contrary, they kept the left-hand side of the river Clyde, and travelled through a thousand beautiful and changing views down the side of that noble stream, till ceasing to hold its inland character, it began to assume that of a navigable river.

«You are not for gaun intill Glasgow then?» said Jeanie, as she observed that the drivers made no motion for inclining their horses' heads towards the ancient bridge which was then the only mode of access to St Mungo's capital.

«No,» replied Archibald; «there is some popular commotion, and as our Duke is in opposition to the court, perhaps we might be too well received; or they might take it in their heads to remember that the captain of Carrick came down upon them with his Highlandmen in the time of Shamfield's mob in 1725, and then we would be too ill received. And, at any rate, it is best for us, and for me in particular, who may be supposed to possess his Grace's mind upon many particulars, to leave the good people

of the Gorbals to act according to their own imaginations, without either provoking or encouraging them by my presence.

To reasoning of such tone and consequence Jeanie had nothing to reply, although it seemed to her to contain fully as much self-importance as truth.

The carriage meantime rolled on; the river expanded itself, and gradually assumed the dignity of an oestuary, or arm of the sea. The influence of the advancing and retiring tides became more and more evident, and in the beautiful words of him of the laurel wreath, the river-waxed

«A broader and a broader stream.

★

★

The Cormorant stands upon its shoals,
His black and dripping wings
Half opened to the wind.»

«Which way lies Inverary?» said Jeanie, gazing on the dusky ocean of Highland hills, which now, piled above each other, and intersected by many a lake, stretched away on the opposite side of the river to the northward. «Is yon high castle the Duke's hoose?»

«That, Mrs Deans? — Lud help thee,» replied Archibald, «that's the old Castle of Dumbarton,

LV.

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the strongest place in Europe, be the other what it may. Sir William Wallace was governor of it in the old wars with the English, and his Grace is governor just now. It is always entrusted to the best man in Scotland."

"And does the Duke live on that high rock, then?" demanded Jeanie.

"No, no, he has his deputy-governor who commands in his absence, he lives in the white house you see at the bottom of the rock — His Grace does not live there himself."

"I think not, indeed," said the dairy-woman, upon whose mind the road, since they had left Dumfries, had made no very favourable impression; "for if he did, he might go whistle for a dairy-woman, an' he were the only duke in England. I did not leave my place and my friends to come down to see cows starve to death upon hills as they be at that pig sty of Elfinfoot, as you call it, Mr Archibald, or to be perched up on the top of a rock, like a squirrel in his cage, hung out of a three pair of stairs window."

Inwardly chuckling that these symptoms of recalcitration had not taken place until the fair malcontent was, as he mentally termed it, under his thumb, Archibald coolly replied, "That the hills were none of his making, nor did he know how to mend them; but as to lodging, they would soon be in a house of the Duke's in a very

pleasant island called Roseneath, where they went to wait for shipping to take them to Inverary, and would meet the company with whom Jeanie was to return to Edinburgh."

"An island?" said Jeanie, who, in the course of her various and adventurous travels, had never quitted terra firma, "then I am doubting we maun gang in ane of these boats: they look unco sma', and the waves are something rough, and"—

"Mr Archibald," said Mrs Dutton, "I will not consent to it; I was never engaged to leave the country, and I desire you will bid the boys drive round the other way to the Duke's house."

"There is a safe pinnacle belonging to his Grace, ma'am, close by," replied Archibald, "and you need be under no apprehensions whatsoever."

"But I *am* under apprehensions," said the damsel; "and I insist upon going round by land, Mr Archibald, were it ten miles about."

"I am sorry I cannot oblige you, madam, as Roseneath happens to be an island."

"If it were ten islands," said the incensed dame, "that's no reason why I should be drowned in going over the seas to it."

"No reason why you should be drowned, certainly ma'am," answered the unmoved groom of the chambers, "but an admirable good one why you cannot proceed to it by land." And, fixed his master's mandates to perform, he pointed

with his hand, and the drivers, turning off the high-road, preceeded towards a small hamlet of fishing huts, where a shallop, somewhat more gaily decorated than any which they had yet seen, having a flag which displayed a boar's-head, crested with a ducal coronet, waited with two or three seamen, and as many Highlanders.

The carriage stopped, and the men began to unyoke their horses, while Mr Archibald gravely superintended the removal of the baggage from the carriage to the little vessel. "Has the Caroline been long arrived?" said Archibald to one of the seamen.

"She has been here in five days from Liverpool, and she's lying down at Greenock," answered the fellow.

"Let the horses and carriage go down to Greenock then," said Archibald, "and he embarked there for Inverary when I send notice — they may stand in my cousin's, Duncan Archibald the stabler's. Ladies" he added, "I hope you will get yourselves ready, we must not lose the tide."

"Mrs Deans," said the Cowslip of Inverary, "you may do as you please — but I will sit here all night, rather than go into that there painted eggshell — Fellow — fellow" (this was addressed to a Highlander who was lifting a travelling trunk) "that trunk is *mine*, and that there band box,

and that pillion mail, and those seven bundles, and the paper bag, and if you venture to touch one of them, it shall be at your peril."

The Celt kept his eye fixed on the speaker, then turned his head towards Archibald, and receiving no countervailing signal, he shouldered the portmanteau, and without farther notice of the distressed damsel, or paying any attention to remonstrances, which probably he did not understand, and would certainly have equally disregarded whether he understood them or not, moved off with Mrs Dutton's wearables, and deposited the trunk containing them safely in the boat.

The baggage being stowed in safety, Mr Archibald handed Jeanie out of the carriage, and, not without some tremor on her part, she was transported through the surf and placed in the boat. He then offered the same civility to his fellow-servant, but she was resolute in her refusal to quit the carriage, in which she now remained in solitary state, threatening all concerned or unconcerned with actions for wages and board-wages, damages and expences, and numbering on her fingers the gowns and other habiliments, from which she seemed in the act of being separated for ever. Mr Archibald did not give himself the trouble of making many remonstrances, which, indeed, seemed only to aggravate the

damself's indignation, but spoke two or three words to the Highlanders in Gaelic; and the wily mountaineers, approaching the carriage cautiously, and without giving the slightest intimation of their intention, at once seized the recusant so effectually fast that she could neither resist nor struggle, and hoisting her on their shoulders in nearly an horizontal posture, rushed down with her to the beach, and through the surf, and, with no other inconvenience than ruffling her garments a little, deposited her in the boat; but in a state of surprise, mortification, and terror at her sudden transportation, which rendered her absolutely mute for two or three minutes. The men jumped in themselves; one tall fellow remained till he had pushed off the boat, and then tumbled in upon his companions. They took their oars and began to pull from the shore, then spread their sail, and drove merrily across the firth.

“You Scotch villain,” said the infuriated damsel to Archibald, “how dare you use a person like me in this way?”

“Madam,” said Archibald, with infinite composure, “it’s high time you should know you are in the Duke’s country, and that there is not one of these fellows but would throw you out of the boat as readily as into it, if such were his Grace’s pleasure.”

“Then the Lord have mercy on me!” said Mrs Dutton. “If I had had any on myself, I would never have engaged with you.”

“It’s something of the latest to think of that now, Mrs Dutton,” said Archibald; “but I assure you, you will find the Highlands have their pleasures. You will have a dozen of cow-milkers under your own authority at Inverary, and you may throw any of them into the lake, if you have a mind, for the Duke’s head people are almost as great as himself.”

“This is a strange business, to be sure, Mr Archibald,” said the lady; “but I suppose I must make the best on’t. — Are you sure the boat will not sink? it leans terribly to one side, in my poor mind.”

“Fear nothing,” said Mr Archibald, taking a most important pinch of snuff; “this same ferry on Clyde knows us very well, or we know it, which is all the same; no fear of any of our people meeting with any accident. We should have crossed from the opposite shore, but for the disturbances at Glasgow, which made it improper for his Grace’s people to pass through the city.”

“Are you not afeard, Mrs Deans,” said the dairy-vestal, addressing Jeanie, who sat, not in the most comfortable state of mind, by the side of Archibald, who himself managed the helm. —

„Are you not afeard of these wild men with their naked knees, and of this nut-shell of a thing, that seems bobbing up and down like a skimming dish in a milk pail?“

„No — no — madam,“ answered Jeanie, with some hesitation, „I am not feared; for I hae seen Hielandmen before, though I never was sae near them; and for the danger of the deep waters, I trust there is a Providence by sea as well as by land.“

„Well,“ said Mrs Dutton, „it is a beautiful thing to have learned to write and read, for one can always say such fine words whatever should befall them.“

Archibald, rejoicing in the impression which his vigorous measure had made upon the intractable dairy-maid, now applied himself, as a sensible and good-natured man, to secure by fair means the ascendancy which he had obtained by some wholesome violence; and he succeeded so well in representing to her the idle nature of her fears, and the impossibility of leaving her upon the beach, enthroned in an empty carriage, that the good understanding of the party was completely revived ere they landed at Roseneath.

CHAPTER XLII.

— — *Did Fortune guide,
Or rather Destiny, our bark, to which
We could appoint no port, to this best place?*

FLETCHER.

THE islands in the Firth of Clyde, which the daily passage of so many smoke-pennoned steam-boats now renders so easily accessible, were, in our fathers times, secluded spots, frequented by no travellers, and few visitants of any kind. They are of exquisite, yet varied beauty. Arran, a mountainous region, or Alpine island, abounds with the grandest and most romantic scenery. Bute is of a softer and more woodland character. The Cumrays, as if to exhibit a contrast to both, are green, level, and bare, forming the links of a sort of natural bar, which is drawn along the mouth of the Firth, leaving large intervals, how-

ever, of ocean. Roseneath, a smaller isle, lies much higher up the Firth, and towards its western shore, near the opening of the lake called the Gare-Loch, and not far from Loch Long and Loch Seant, or the Holy-Loch, which wind from the mountains of the Western Highlands to join the oestuary of the Clyde.

In these isles the severe frost winds, which tyrannize over the vegetable creation during a Scottish spring, are comparatively little felt; nor, excepting the gigantic strength of Arran, are they much exposed to the Atlantic storms, lying landlocked and protected to the westward by the shores of Ayrshire Accordingly, the weeping-willow, the weeping-birch, and other trees of early and pendulous shoots, flourish in these favoured recesses in a degree unknown in our eastern districts; and the air is also said to possess that mildness which is favourable to consumptive cases.

The picturesque beauty of the island of Roseneath, in particular, had such recommendations, that the Earls and Dukes of Argyle, from an early period, made it their occasional residence, and had their temporary accommodation in a fishing or hunting-lodge, which succeeding improvements have since transformed into a palace. It was in its original simplicity, when the little bark, which we left traversing the Firth at the

end of last chapter, was approaching the shores of the isle.

When they touched the landing-place, which was partly shrouded by some old low but wide-spreading oak-trees, intermixed with hazel bushes, two or three figures were seen as if awaiting their arrival. To these Jeanie paid little attention, so that it was with a shock of surprise almost electrical, that, upon being carried by the rowers out of the boat to the shore, she was received in the arms of her father!

It was too wonderful to be believed — too much like a happy dream to have the stable feeling of reality — She extricated herself from his close and affectionate embrace, and held him at arm's length to satisfy her mind that it was no illusion. But the form was indisputable — Douce David Deans himself, in his best light-blue Sunday's coat, with broad metal buttons, and waistcoat and breeches of the same, his strong gramashes or leggins of thick grey cloth — the very copper buckles — the broad Lowland blue bonnet, thrown back as he lifted his eyes to Heaven in speechless gratitude — the grey locks that straggled from beneath it down his weather-beaten, «haffets» — the bald and furrowed forehead the clear blue eye, that, undimmed by years, gleamed bright and pale from under its shaggy grey pent house — the features, usually so

stern and stoical, now melted into the unwonted expression of rapturous joy, affection, and gratitude — were all those of David Deans; and so happily did they assort together, that, should I ever again see my friends Wilkie or Allan, I will try to borrow or steal from them a sketch of this very scene.

«Jeanie—my ain Jeanie—my best — my maist dutiful bairn — the Lord of Israel be thy father, for I am hardly worthy of thee! Thou hast redeemed our captivity — brought back the honour of our house—Bless thee, my bairn, with mercies promised and purchased! — But He *has* blessed thee in the good of which He has made thee the instrument.»

These words broke from him not without tears, though David was of no melting mood. Archibald had, with delicate attention, withdrawn the spectators from the interview; so that the wood and setting sun alone were witnesses of the expansion of their feelings.

«And Effie? — and Effie, dear father!» was an interjectional question which Jeanie repeatedly threw in among her expressions of joyful thankfulness.

«Ye will hear — ye will hear,» said David hastily, and ever and anon renewed his grateful acknowledgments to Heaven for sending Jeanie safe down from the land of prelatic deadness

and schismatic heresy; and had delivered her from the dangers of the way, and the lions that were in the path.

«And Effie?» repeated her affectionate sister again and again. «And—and—(fain would she have said Butler, but she modified the direct enquiry) — and Mr and Mrs Saddletree—and Dumbiedikes — and a' friends?»

«A' weel a' weel, praise to His name.»

«And—and Mr Butler—he wasna weel when I gaed awa'?»

«He is quite mended — quite weel.»

«Thank God — but O, dear father, Effie? — Effie?»

«You will never see her mair, my bairn,» answered Deans in a solemn tone — «You are the ae and only leaf left now on the auld tree — heal be your portion.»

«She is dead! — She is slain! — It has come ower late!» exclaimed Jeanie, wringing her hands.

«No, Jeanie,» returned Deans, in the same grave melancholy tone. She lives in the flesh, and is at freedom from earthly restraint, if she were as much alive in faith, and as free from the bonds of Satan.»

«The Lord protect us;» said Jeanie. — «Can the unhappy bairn hae left you for that villain?»

«It is ower truly spoken;» said Deans — «She

has left her auld father, that has wept and prayed for her — She has left her sister, that travailed and toiled for her like a mother — She has left the bones of her mother, and the land of her people, and she is ower the march wi' that son of Belial — She has made a moonlight flitting of it." He paused, for a feeling betwixt sorrow and strong resentment choked his utterance.

"And wi' that man? — that fearfu' man?" said Jeanie. "And she has left us to gang aff wi' him? — O Effie, Effie, wha could hae thought it, after sic a deliverance as you had been gifted wi'!"

"She went out from us, my bairn, because she was not of us," replied David. "She is a withered branch will never bear fruit of grace — a scape-goat gone forth into the wilderness of the world, to carry wi' her, as I trust, the sins of our little congregation. The peace of the world gang wi' her, and a better peace when she has the grace to turn to it. If she is of His elected, His ain hour will come. What would her mother have said, that famous and memorable matron, Rebecca M'Naught, whose memory is like a flower of sweet savour in Newbattle, and a pot of frankincence in Lugton? — But be it sae — let her part — let her gang her gate — let her bite on her ain bridle — The Lords kens his time — She was the bairn of prayers, and may not

prove an utter cast-away. But never, Jeanie — never more let her name be spoken between you and me — She hath passed from us like the brook which vanisheth when the summer waxeth warm, as patient Job saith — let her pass, and be forgotten."

There was a melancholy pause which followed these expressions. Jeanie would fain have asked more circumstances relating to her sister's departure; but the tone of her father's prohibition was positive. She was about to mention her interview with Staunton at his father's rectory; but, on hastily running over the particulars in her memory, she thought that, on the whole, they were more likely to aggravate than diminish his distress of mind. She turned, therefore, the discourse from this painful subject, resolving to suspend farther enquiry until she should see Butler, from whom she expected to learn the particulars of her sister's elopement.

But when was she to see Butler? was a question she could not forbear asking herself, especially while her father, as if eager to escape from the subject of his youngest daughter, pointed to the opposite shore of Dumbartonshire, and asking Jeanie «if it werena a pleasant abode? declared to her his intention of removing his earthly tabernacle to that country, in respect he was solicited by his Grace the Duke of Argyle,

as one well skilled in country-labour, and a' that appertained to flocks and herds, to superintend a store-farm, whilk his Grace had ta'en into his ain hand for the improvement of stock."

Jeanie's heart sunk within her at this declaration. "She allowed it was a goodly and pleasant land, and sloped bonnily to the western sun; and she doubtedna that the pasture might be very gude, for the grass looked green, for as drouthy as the weather had been. But it was far frae hame, and she thought she wad be often thinking on the bonny spots of turf, sae fu' of gowans and yellow king-cups, among the Craggs at St Leonards."

"Dinna speak on't, Jeanie," said her father; "I wish never to hear it named mair that is, after the rousing is ower, and the bills paid, But I brought a' the beasts ower bye that I thought ye wad like best. There is Gowans, and there's your ain brockit cow, and the wee hawk-kit ane, that ye ca'd—I needna tell ye how ye ca'd it—but I couldna bid them sell the creature, though the sight o't may sometimes gie us a sair heart—it's no the poor dumb creature's fault—And ane or twa beasts mair I hae reserved, and caused them to be driven before the other beasts, that men might say, as when the son of Jesse returned from battle, 'This is David's spoil.'"

Upon more particular enquiry, Jeanie found

new occasion to admire the active beneficence of her friend the Duke of Argyle. While establishing a sort of experimental farm on the skirts of his immense Highland estates, he had been somewhat at a loss to find a proper person in whom to vest the charge of it. The conversation his Grace had upon country matters with Jeanie Deans during their return from Richmond, had impressed him with a belief that the father, whose experience and success she so frequently quoted, must be exactly the sort of person whom he wanted. When the condition annexed to Effie's pardon rendered it highly probable that David Deans would chuse to change his place of residence, this idea again occurred to the Duke more strongly, and as he was an enthusiast equally in agriculture and in benevolence, he imagined he was serving the purposes of both, when he wrote to the gentleman in Edinburgh entrusted with his affairs, to enquire into the character of David Deans, cowfeeder, and so forth, at St Leonard's Crag; and if he found him such as he had been represented, to engage him without delay, and on the most liberal terms, to superintend his fancy-farm in Dumbartonshire.

The proposal was made to old David by the gentleman so commissioned, on the second day after his daughter's pardon had reached Edinburgh. His resolution to leave St Leonard's had

been already formed; the honour of an express invitation from the Duke of Argyle to superintend a department where so much skill and diligence was required, was in itself extremely flattering; and the more so, because honest David, who was not without an excellent opinion of his own talents, persuaded himself that, by accepting this charge, he would in some sort repay the great favour he had received at the hands of the Argyle family. The appointments, including the right of sufficient grazing for a small stock of his own, were amply liberal; and David's keen eye saw that the situation was convenient for trafficking to advantage in Highland cattle. There was risk of "her-ship" from the neighbouring mountains, indeed; but the awful name of the Duke of Argyle would be a great security, and a trifle of *black mail* would, David was aware, assure his safety.

"Still, however, there were two points on which he haggled. The first was the character of the clergyman with whose worship he was to join; and on this delicate point he received, as we will presently show the reader, perfect satisfaction. The next obstacle was the condition of his youngest daughter, obliged as she was to leave Scotland for so many years.

The gentleman of the law smiled, and said, "There was no occasion to interpret that clause

very strictly—that if the young woman left Scotland for a few months, or even weeks, and came to her father's new residence by sea from the western side of England, nobody would know of her arrival, or at least nobody who had either the right or inclination to give her disturbance. The extensive heritable jurisdictions of his Grace excluded the interference of other magistrates with those living on his estates, and they who were in immediate dependence on him would receive orders to give the young woman no disturbance. Living on the verge of the Highlands, she might, indeed, be said to be out of Scotland, that is, beyond the bounds of ordinary law and civilization.”

Old Deans was not quite satisfied with this reasoning; but the elopement of Effie; which took place on the third night after her liberation, rendered his residence at St Leonard's so detestable to him, that he closed at once with the proposal which had been made him, and entered with pleasure into the idea of surprising Jeanie, as had been proposed by the Duke, to render the change of residence more striking to her. The Duke had apprised Archibald of these circumstances, with orders to act according to the instructions he should receive from Edinburgh, and by which accordingly he was directed to bring Jeanie to Roseneath.

The father and daughter communicated these matters to each other, now stopping, now walking slowly towards the Lodge, which showed itself among the trees, at about half a mile's distance from the little bay in which they had landed.

As they approached the house, David Deans informed his daughter, with somewhat like a grim smile, which was the utmost advance he ever made towards a mirthful expression of visage, that «there was baith a worshipful gentleman, and ane reverend gentleman, residing therein. The worshipful gentleman was his honour the Laird of Knocktarlitie, who was baillie of the Lordship under the Duke of Argyle, ane Hieland gentleman, tarr'd wi' the same stick,» David doubted, «as mony of them, namely, a hasty and choleric temper, and a neglect of the higher things that belong to salvation, and also a gripping unto the things of this world, without muckle distinction of property — but, however, ane gude hospitable gentleman, with whom it would be a part of wisdom to live on a good understanding — (for Hielandmen were hasty, ower hasty.) — As for the reverend person of whom he had spoken, he was candidate by favour of the Duke of Argyle (for David would not for the universe have called him presentee) to the kirk of the parish in which their farm

was situated, and he was likely to be highly acceptable unto the Christian souls of the parish, who were hungering for spiritual manna, having been fed but upon sour Hieland sowens by Mr Duncan MacDonought, the last minister, who began the morning dully, Sunday and Saturday, with a mutchkin of usquebaugh. But I need say the less about the present lad," said David, again grimly grimacing, "as I think ye may hae seen him afore; and here he is come to meet us."

She had indeed seen him before, for it was no other than Reuben Butler himself.

CHAPTER XLIII.

*No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face;
Thou hast already had her last embrace.*

Elegy on Mrs Anne Killigrew.

THIS second surprize had been accomplished for Jeanie Deans by the rod of the same benevolent enchanter, whose power had transplanted her father from the crags of St Leonard's to the banks of the Gare-Loch. The Duke of Argyle was not a person to forget the hereditary debt of gratitude, which had been bequeathed to him by his grandfather, in favour of the grandson of old Bible Butler. He had internally resolved to provide for Reuben Butler in this kirk of Knocktarlitie, of which the incumbent had just departed this life. Accordingly, his agent received the necessary instructions for that purpose, under

the qualifying condition always that the learning and character of Mr Butler should be found proper for the charge. Upon enquiry, these were found as highly satisfactory as had been reported in the case of David Deans himself.

By this preferment, the Duke of Argyle more essentially benefited his friend and protégée, Jeanie, than he himself was aware of, since he contributed to remove objections in her father's mind to the match, which he had no idea had been in existence.

We have already noticed that Deans had something of a prejudice against Butler, which was, perhaps, in some degree owing to his possessing a sort of consciousness that the poor usher looked with eyes of affection upon his elder daughter. This, in David's eyes, was a sin of presumption, even although it should not be followed by any overt act, or actual proposal. But the lively interest which Butler had displayed in his distresses, since Jeanie set forth on her London expedition, and which, therefore, he ascribed to personal respect for himself individually, had greatly softened the feelings of irritability with which David had sometimes regarded him. And, while he was in this good disposition towards Butler, another incident took place which had great influence on the old man's mind.

So soon as the shock of Effie's second elopement was over, it was Deans's early care to collect and refund to the Laird of Dumbiedikes the money which he had lent for Effie's trial, and for Jeanie's travelling expences. The Laird, the poney, the cocked hat, and the tobacco-pipe, had not been seen at Saint Leonard's Crag for many a day; so that, in order to pay this debt, David was under the necessity of repairing in person to the mansion of Dumbiedikes.

He found it in a state of unexpected bustle. There were workmen pulling down some of the old hangings, and replacing them with others, altering, repairing, scrubbing, painting, and white-washing. There was no knowing the old house, which had been so long the mansion of sloth and silence. The Laird himself seemed in some confusion, and his reception, though kind, lacked something of the reverential cordiality with which he used to greet David Deans. There was a change also, David did not very well know what, about the exterior of this landed proprietor—an improvement in the shape of his garments, a spruceness in the air with which they were put on, that were both novelties. Even the old hat looked smarter, the cock had been newly pointed, the lace had been refreshed, and instead of slouching backward or forward on the Laird's head, as it happened to

be thrown on, it was adjusted with a knowing inclination over one eye.

David Deans opened his business, and told down the cash. Dumbiedikes inclined his ear to the one, and counted the other with great accuracy, interrupting David, while he was talking of the redemption of the captivity of Judah, to ask him whether he did not think one or two of the guineas looked rather light. When he was satisfied on this point, had pocketed his money, and had signed a receipt, he addressed David with some little hesitation. — “Jeanie wad be writing ye something, gudeman?”

“About the siller?” replied David — “Nae doubt, she did.”

“And did she say nae mair about me?” asked the Laird.

“Nae mair but kind and Christian wishes — what suld she hae said?” replied David, fully expecting that the Laird’s long courtship (if his dangling after Jeanie deserves so active a name) was now coming to a point. And so indeed it was, but not to that point which he wished or expected.

“Aweel, she kens her ain mind best, Gude-man. I hae made a clean house o’ Jenny Balchristie and her niece. They were a bad pack — steal’d meat and mault, and loot the carters magg

the coals — I'm to be married the morn, and kirkit on Sunday."

Whatever David felt, he was too proud and too steady-minded to show any unpleasant surprise in his countenance and manners.

"I wuss ye happy, sir, through Him that gi'es happiness — marriage is an honourable state."

"And I am wedding into an honourable house, David — the Laird of Lickpelf's youngest daughter — she sits next us in the kirk, and that's the way I came to think on't."

There was no more to be said, but again to wish the Laird joy, to taste a cup of his liquor, and to walk back again to St Leonard's, musing on the mutability of human affairs and human resolutions. The expectation that, one day or other, Jeanie would be Lady Dumbiedikes, had, in spite of himself, kept a more absolute possession of David's mind than he himself was aware of. At least, it had hitherto seemed an union at all times within his daughter's reach, whenever she might chuse to give her silent lover any degree of encouragement, and now it was vanished for ever. David returned, therefore, in no very gracious humour for so good a man. He was angry with Jeanie for not having encouraged the Laird — he was angry with the Laird for requiring encouragement — and he was angry with himself for being angry at all on the occasion.

On his return he found the gentleman who managed the Duke of Argyle's affairs was desirous of seeing him, with a view to completing the arrangement between them. Thus, after a brief repose, he was obliged to set off anew for Edinburgh, so that old May Hettly declared, «That a' this was to end with the master just walking himself aff his feet.»

When the business respecting the farm had been talked over and arranged, the professional gentleman acquainted David Deans, in answer to his enquiries concerning the state of public worship, that it was the pleasure of the Duke to put an excellent young clergyman, called Reuben Butler, into the parish, which was to be his future residence.

«Reuben Butler!» exclaimed David — «Reuben Butler, the usher at Libberton?»

«The very same,» said the Duke's commissioner; «his Grace has heard an excellent character of him, and has some hereditary obligations to him besides — few ministers will be so comfortable as I am directed to make Mr Butler.»

«Obligations? — The Duke? — Reuben Butler! — Reuben Butler a placed minister of the Kirk of Scotland!» exclaimed David, in interminable astonishment, for somehow he had been led by the bad success which Butler had hitherto met with in all his undertakings, to consider him as

one of those step-sons of Fortune, whom she treats with unceasing rigour, and ends with disinheriting altogether.

There is, perhaps, no time at which we are disposed to think so highly of a friend, as when we find him standing higher than we expected in the esteem of others. When assured of the reality of Butler's change of prospects, David expressed his great satisfaction at his success in life, which, he observed, was entirely owing to himself. "I advised his puir grandmother, who was but a silly woman, to breed him up to the ministry; and I prophesied that, with a blessing on his endeavours, he would become a polished shaft in the temple. He was something ower proud o' his carnal learning, but a gude lad, and has the root of the matter — as ministers gang now, where ye'll find ane better, ye'll find ten waur than Reuben Butler."

He took leave of the man of business, and walked homeward, forgetting his weariness in the various speculations to which this wonderful piece of intelligence gave rise. Honest David had now, like other great men, to go to work to reconcile his speculative principles with existing circumstances; and, like other great men, when they set seriously about that task, he was tolerably successful.

"Ought Reuben Butler in conscience to accept

of this preferment in the Kirk of Scotland, subject as David at present thought that establishment was to the Erastian encroachments of the civil power?" This was the leading question, and he considered it carefully. "The Kirk of Scotland was shorn of its beams, and deprived of its full artillery and banners of authority; but still it contained zealous and fructifying pastors, attentive congregations, and, with all her spots and blemishes, the like of this Kirk was no where else to be seen upon earth."

David's doubts had been too many and too critical to permit him ever unequivocally to unite himself with any of the dissenters, who, upon various accounts, absolutely seceded from the national church. He had often joined in communion with such of the established clergy as approached nearest to the old presbyterian model and principles of 1640. And although there were many things to be amended in that system, yet he remembered that he, David Deans, had himself ever been a humble pleader for the good old cause in a legal way, but without rushing into right-hand excesses, divisions, and separations. But, as an enemy to separation, he might join the right hand of fellow-ship with a minister of the Kirk of Scotland in its present model. *Ergo*, Reuben Butler might take possession of the parish of Knocktarlitie, without forfeiting his friendship

or favour — Q:E.D. But, secondly « came the trying point of lay-patronage, which David Deans had ever maintained to be a coming in by the window, and over the wall, a cheating and starving the souls of a whole parish, for the purpose of clothing the back and filling the belly of the incumbent.

This presentation, therefore, from the Duke of Argyle, whatever was the worth and high character of that nobleman, was a limb of the brazen image, a portion of the evil thing, and with no kind of consistency could David bend his mind to favour such a transaction. But if the parishioners themselves joined in a general call to Reuben Butler to be their pastor, it did not seem quite so evident that the existence of this unhappy presentation was a reason for his refusing them the comforts of his doctrine. If the presbytery admitted him to the kirk, in virtue rather of that act of patronage than of the general call of the congregation, that might be their error, and David allowed it was a heavy one. But if Reuben Butler accepted of the care as tendered to him by those whom he was called to teach and who had expressed themselves desirous to learn, David, after considering and reconsidering the matter, came, through the great virtue of IF, to be of opinion that he might safely so act in that matter.

There remained a third stumbling-block — the oaths to government exacted from the established clergymen, in which they acknowledged an Erastian king and parliament, and homologated the incorporating Union between England and Scotland, through which the latter kingdom had become part and portion of the former, wherein prelacy, the sister of popery, had made fast her throne, and elevated the horns of her mitre. These were symptoms of defection which had often made David cry out, «My bowels — my bowels! — I am pained at the very heart!» And he remembered that a goodly Bow-head matron had been carried out of the Tolbooth Church in a swoon, beyond the reach of brandy and burnt feathers, merely on hearing these fearful words, «It is enacted by the Lords *spiritual* and temporal,” pronounced from a Scottish pulpit, in the proem to the Porteous Proclamation. These oaths were, therefore, a deep compliance and dire abomination — a sin and a snare, and a danger and a defection. But this Shibboleth was not always exacted. Ministers had respect to their own tender consciences, and those of their brethren; and it was not till a later period that the reins were taken up tight by the General Assemblies and Presbyteries. The peace-making particle came again to Davids assistance. *If* an incumbent was not called upon to make such com-

pliances, and *if* he got a right entry into the church without intrusion, and by orderly appointment, why, upon the whole, David Deans came to be of opinion, that he might lawfully enjoy the spirituality and temporality of the cure of souls at Knocktarlitie, with stipend, manse, glebe, and all thereunto appertaining.

The best and most upright-minded men are so strongly influenced by existing circumstances, that it would be somewhat cruel to enquire too nearly what weight paternal affection gave to these ingenious trains of reasoning. Let David Deans's situation be considered. He was just deprived of one daughter, and his eldest, to whom he owed so much, was cut off, by the sudden resolution of Dumbiedikes, from the high hope which David had entertained, that she might one day be mistress of that fair lordship. Just while this disappointment was bearing heavy on his spirits, Butler comes before his imagination — no longer the half-starved thread-bare usher, but fat and sleek and fair, the beneficed minister of Knocktarlitie, beloved by his congregation, — exemplary in his life, — powerful in his doctrine, — doing the duty of the kirk as never Highland minister did it before, — turning sinners as a colley dog turns sheep, — a favourite of the Duke of Argyle, and drawing a stipend of eight hundred puns Scots, and four chalders of victual. Here

was a match, making up, in David's mind, in a tenfold degree, the disappointment in the case of Dumbiedikes, in so far as the goodman of St Leonard's held a powerful minister in much greater admiration than a mere landed proprietor. It did not occur to him, as an additional reason in favour of the match, that Jeanie might herself have some choice in the matter; for the idea of consulting her feelings never once entered into the honest man's head, any more than the possibility that her inclination might perhaps differ from his own.

The result of his meditations was, that he was called upon to take the management of the whole affair into his own hand, and give, if it should be found possible without sinful compliance, or back-sliding, or defection of any kind, a worthy pastor to the kirk of Knocktarlitie. Accordingly, by the intervention of the honest dealer in butter-milk who dwelt in Libberton, David summoned to his presence Reuben Butler. Even from this worthy messenger he was unable to conceal certain swelling emotions of dignity, in so much, that, when the carter had communicated his message to the usher, he added, that "Certainly the gudeman of St Leonard's had some grand news to tell him, for he was as uplifted as a midden-cock upon pattens."

Butler, it may readily be conceived, immedi-

ately obeyed the summons. His was a plain character, in which worth and good sense and simplicity were the principal ingredients; but love, on this occasion, gave him a certain degree of address. He had received an intimation of the favour designed him by the Duke of Argyle, with what feelings those only can conceive, who have experienced a sudden prospect of being raised to independence and respect, from penury and toil. He resolved, however, that the old man should retain all the consequence of being, in his own opinion, the first to communicate the important intelligence. At the same time, he also determined that in the expected conference he would permit David Deans to expatiate at length upon the proposal, in all its bearings, without irritating him either by interruption or contradiction. This last plan was the most prudent he could have adopted; because, although there were many doubts which David Deans could himself clear up to his own satisfaction, yet he might have been by no means disposed to accept the solution of any other person; and to engage him in an argument would have been certain to confirm him at once and for ever in the opinion which Butler chanced to impugn.

He received his friend with an appearance of important gravity, which real misfortune had

long compelled him to lay aside, and which belonged to those days of awful authority in which he predominated over Widow Butler, and dictated the mode of cultivating the crofts at Beersheba. He acquainted Reuben at great polixity with the prospect of his changing his present residence for the charge of the Duke of Argyle's stock-farm in Dumbartonshire, enumerated the various advantages of the situation with obvious self-congratulation; but assured the patient hearer, that nothing had so much moved him to acceptance, as the sense that, by his skill in bestial, he could render the most important services to his Grace the Duke of Argyle, to whom, «in the late unhappy circumstance,» (here a tear dimmed the sparkle of pride in the old man's eye,) he had been sae muckle obliged.

«To put a rude Hielandman into sic a charge, what could be expected but that he suld be sic a chiefest herdsman, as wicked Doeg the Edomite; whereas, while this grey head is to the fore, not a clute o' them but sall be as weel cared for as if they were the fatted kine of Pharoah. — And now, Reuben, lad, seeing we maun remove our tent to a strange country, ye will be casting a dolesu' look after us, and thinking with whom ye are to hold council anent your government in thae slippery and backsliding times; and nae doubt remembering, that the auld

man, David Deans, was made the instrument to bring you out of the mire of schism and heresy, wherein your father's house delighted to wallow; often also, nae doubt, when ye are pressed wi' insnaring trials and tentations and heart-plagues, you, that are like a recruit that is marching for the first time to the took of drum, will miss the auld bauld and experienced veteran soldier that has felt the brunt of mony a foul day, and heard the bullets whistle as aften as he has hairs left on his auld pow."

It is very possible that Butler might internally be of opinion, that the reflection on his ancestor's peculiar tenets might have been spared or that he might be presumptuous enough even to think, that, at his years and with his own lights, he might be able to hold his course without the pilotage of honest David. But he only replied, by expressing his regret, that any thing should separate him from an ancient, tried, and affectionate friend.

"But how can it be helped, man?" said David, twisting his features into a sort of smile — "How can we help it? — I trow ye canna tell me that — Ye maun leave that to ither folk — to the Duke of Argyle and me, Reuben. It's a gude thing to hae friends in this warld — how muckle better to hae an interest beyond it!"

And David, whose piety, though not always

quite rational, was as sincere as it was habitual and fervent, looked reverentially upward and paused. Mr Butler intimated the pleasure with which he would receive his friend's advice on a subject so important, and David resumed.

“What think ye now, Reuben, of a kirk — a regular kirk under the present establishment? — Were sic offered to ye, wad ye be free to accept it, and under whilk provisions? — I am speaking but by way of query.”

Butler replied, “That if such a prospect were held out to him, he would probably first consult whether he was likely to be useful to the parish he should be called to; and if there appeared a fair prospect of his proving so, his friend must be aware, that, in every other point of view, it would be highly advantageous for him.”

“Right, Reuben, very right, lad — your ain conscience is the first thing to be satisfied — for how sall he teach others that has himsel sae ill learned the Scriptures, as to grip for the lucre of foul earthly preferment, sic as gear and manse, money and victual, that which is not his in a spiritual sense — or wha makes his kirk a stalking-horse to tak aim at his stipend? But I look for better things of you — and specially ye maun be minded not to act altogether on your ain judgment, for there through comes sair mistakes, backslidings, and defections, on the left and on

the right. If there were sic a day of trial put to you, Reuben, you, who are a young lad, although it may be ye are gifted wi' the carnal tongues, and those whilk were spoken at Rome, whilk is now the seat of the scarlet abomination, and by the Greeks, to whom the gospel was as foolishness, yet nae-the-less ye may be entreated by your weel-wishers to take the counsel of those prudent and resolved and weather-withstanding professors, wha hae kenned what it was to lurk on banks and in mosses, in bogs and in caverns, and to risk the peril of the head against the honesty of the heart,

Butler replied, "That certainly, possessing such a friend as he hoped and trusted he had in the goodman himself, who had seen so many changes in the preceding century, he should be much to blame if he did not avail himself of his experience and friendly counsel."

"Eneugh said — eneugh said, Reuben," said David Deans, with internal exultation; "and say that ye were in the predicament whereof I hae spoken, of a surety I would deem it my duty to gang to the root o' the matter, and lay bare the ulcers and imposthumes, and the sores and the leprosy, of this our time to you, crying aloud and sparing not."

David Deans was now in his element. He commenced his examination of the doctrines and

belief of the Christian Church with the very Culdees, from whom he passed to John Knox,—from John Knox to the recusants in James the Sixth's time;—Bruce, Black, Blair, Livingstone,—from them to the brief, and at length triumphant period of the presbyterian church's splendour, until it was overrun by the English independents. Then followed the dismal times of prelacy, the indulgences, seven in number, with all their shades and bearings, until he arrived at the reign of King James, in which he himself had been, in his own mind, neither an obscure actor nor an obscure sufferer. Then was Butler doomed to hear the most detailed and annotated edition of what he had so often heard before — David Deans's confinement, namely, in the iron cage in the Canongate Tolbooth, and the cause thereof.

We should be very unjust to our friend David Deans, if we should "pretermit," to use his own expression, a narrative which he held essential to his fame. A drunken trooper of the Royal Guards, Francis Gordon by name, had chased five or six of the skulking Whigs, among whom was our friend David: and after he had compelled them to stand, and was in the act of brawling with them, one of their number fired a pocket-pistol, and shot him dead. David used to sneer and shake his head when any one asked

him whether *he* had been the instrument of removing this wicked persecutor from the face of the earth. In fact, the merit of the deed lay between him and his friend, Patrick Walker, the pedlar, whose works he was so fond of quoting. Neither of them cared directly to claim the merit of silencing Mr Francis Gordon of the Life Guards, there being some wild cousins of his about Edinburgh, who might have been even yet addicted to revenge, but yet neither of them chose to disown or yield to the other the merit of this active defence of their religious rites. David said, that if he had fired a pistol then, it was what he never did after or before. And as for Mr Patrick Walker, he has left it upon record, that his great surprise was, that so small a pistol could kill so big a man. These are the words of that venerable biographer, whose trade had not taught him by experience, that an inch was as good as an ell. "He" (Francis Gordon) "got a shot in his head out of a pocket-pistol, rather fit for diverting a boy than killing such a furious, mad, brisk man, which notwithstanding killed him dead!"

Upon the extensive foundation which the history of the kirk afforded, during its short-lived triumph and long tribulation, David, with length of breath and of narration, which would

have astounded any one but a lover of his daughter, proceeded to lay down his own rules for guiding the conscience of his friend, as an aspirant to serve in the ministry. Upon this subject, the good man went through such a variety of nice and casuistical problems, supposed so many extreme cases, made the distinctions so critical and nice betwixt the right-hand and the left-hand — betwixt compliance and defection — holding back and stepping aside — slipping and stumbling — snares and errors — that at length, after having limited the path of truth to a mathematical line, he was brought to the broad admission, that each man's conscience; after he had gained a certain view of the difficult navigation which he was to encounter, would be the best guide for his pilotage. He stated the examples and arguments for and against the acceptance of a kirk on the present revolution model, with much more impartiality to Butler than he had been able to place them before his own view. And he concluded, that he ought to think upon these things, and be guided by the voice of his own conscience, whether he could take such an awful trust as the charge of souls, without doing injury to his own internal conviction of what is right or wrong.

When David had concluded his very long

harangue, which was only interrupted by monosyllables, or little more, on the part of Butler, the orator himself was greatly astonished to find that the conclusion, at which he very naturally wished to arrive, seemed much less decisively attained than when he had argued the case in his own mind.

In this particular, David's current of thinking and speaking only illustrated the very important and general proposition concerning the excellence of the publicity of debate. For, under the influence of any partial feeling, it is certain, that most men can much more easily reconcile themselves to any favourite measure, when agitating it in their own mind, than when obliged to expose its merits to a third party, when the necessity of seeming impartial procures for the opposite arguments a much more fair statement than that which he affords it in tacit meditation. Having finished what he had to say, David thought himself obliged to be more explicit, and to explain that this was no hypothetical case, but one on which (by his own influence and that of the Duke of Argyle) Reuben Butler would soon be called to decide.

It was even with something like apprehension that David Deans heard Butler announce, in return to this communication, that he would

take that night to consider on what he had said with such kind intentions, and return him an answer the next morning. The feelings of the father mastered David on this occasion. He pressed Butler to spend the evening with him — He produced, most unusual at his meals, one, nay, two bottles of aged strong ale. — He spoke of his daughter — of her merits — her housewifery — her thrift — her affection. He led Butler so decidedly up to a declaration of his feelings towards Jeanie, that, before night-fall, it was distinctly understood she was to be the bride of Reuben Butler; and if they thought it indelicate to abridge the period of deliberation which Reuben had stipulated, it seemed to be sufficiently understood betwixt them, that there was a strong probability of his becoming minister of Knocktarlitie, providing the congregation were as willing to accept of him, as the Duke to grant him the presentation. The matter of the oaths, they agreed, it was time enough to dispute about, whenever the Shibboleth should be tendered.

Many arrangements were adopted that evening, which were afterwards ripened by correspondence with the Duke of Argyle's man of business, who intrusted Deans and Butler with the benevolent wish of his principal, that they should all meet with Jeanie, on her return from

England, at the Duke's hunting-lodge in Rose-neath.

This retrospect, so far as the placid loves of Jeanie Deans and Reuben Butler are concerned, forms a full explanation of the preceding narrative up to their meeting on the island as already mentioned.



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Scott, Walter, 1771-1832

<<The>> heart of Mid-Lothian

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